



THE OUTPOST

PUBLISHED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE
COMMISSIONER OF POLICE

EDITOR: STANLEY EDWARDS

P.O. BOX 803, SALISBURY,
SOUTHERN RHODESIA.

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SOUTHERN RHODESIA	12/6
S. AFRICA AND N. RHODESIA	13/-
U.K. AND OTHER COUNTRIES	14/-

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Editor's Notes



The editorial of the December "Mapolisa" lamented the degeneration of the standard of manners and courtesy of urban Africans and attributed it in part to young Africans being away from the control of parents and kraal elders and the effect of sudden contact with European civilisation.

The old kraal system of children living with parents and also being under the control of the kraal headman made them amenable to discipline and produced the politeness of manner and address which is a natural trait of the Bantu and which one still finds in the African elders. To-day, the African faces the same problem as the European—that of supplementing his income to meet the ever-increasing cost of living with, in some cases, resultant neglect of the home and children. Some African farmers in the Reserves and many who have their own small farms in the Native Purchase Areas are getting a sufficient income from the sale of their produce. But they form only a small percentage and the majority of male Africans find that they must, willy-nilly, leave their kraals to work in the European areas in order to "make ends meet," and owing to the shortage of urban accommodation wives and children are left alone at kraals with the old men, so that children lack paternal control which is so essential, particularly with boys. The work done by Government and Mission kraal schools in African Reserves in teaching the rudiments of education is deserving of the highest praise but is not an adequate substitute for parental control. Further, with the emancipation of African women, many are now refusing to stay at their

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kraals whilst their menfolk are enjoying the so-called amenities of city life, and, with their children, are forsaking their kraals and lands for urban slums. Many youths who, under the old system would be at the kraal learning husbandry from their fathers and settling down to normal kraal life are attracted to the towns by the glitter of regular cash payments of wages.

But labour is essential to industrial progress and it seems that the conditions which accompany the removal of Africans from the Reserves to the urban areas are likely to remain for many years and the question arises as to what can be done to alleviate the position. The Government and Municipal authorities are alive to their responsibilities and are combatting the evils with better accommodation, playgrounds, clubs, and organised entertainment. What can the ordinary citizen do to help? In all communities the members have certain conventions and rules of conduct to observe if large numbers of people are to live together happily. In Africa we have an additional responsibility for we live side by side with a race which sixty years ago was heathen. When two races mix the bad habits of one are more quickly adopted by the other than the good. It behoves us, therefore, to watch our own behaviour and see that the African is set a good example. Some conduct, such as drunkenness, intemperate language, rowdyism, which might be condoned in a European country where the effect is purely local and transient, is strictly taboo in Africa where the effect is likely to be far-reaching. It is feared that their obligation in this respect is not appreciated by some Europeans in Southern Rhodesia; when all have realised that they have such a duty they will have taken the first step towards restoring the natural courtesy and good manners of the African.

A policeman's job is not solely to see that the rules of law are observed; with the exercise of tact he can awaken a sense of responsibility to the ethics of everyday-life. As regards his own behaviour, a policeman in Africa has a burden in this regard on a higher level than the ordinary citizen to set an example to all sections of the community in application to duty, personal appearance and general behaviour.



OLD COMRADES



THE Secretary of the Regimental Association has received the following letter and list of members from the Society of Members of the 1893 Columns . . .

To the Hon. Secretary,
B.S.A. Police Regimental Association,
P.O. Box 7, Causeway,
Salisbury.

Dear Sir,

Re: B.S.A. POLICE REGIMENTAL TIE.

I should be grateful if you would convey the thanks of the surviving Members of the 1893 Column to your Committee for their permission to us to wear the Regimental Tie; it carries on the old feeling between our Society and the Regiment, for in 1896 it was agreed that your Regiment should use the colours of the 1893 Matabeleland Medal in the Regimental Tie, and that we should use the tie as our Pioneer Tie; this, of course, will be carried on by us when wearing the new Regimental Tie.

Your letter was only delivered yesterday and I must apologise for the delay in answering your welcome letter; the full details of the Tie will be included in our Annual Report. I enclose list of our Members.

Yours faithfully,
CECIL PADDON,
Major.

LIST OF SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE 1893 COLUMNS, 4th November, 1949

NOTE. Initials indicate Columns as under:—

- B.—Bechuana Border Police Column.
- R.—Raaff's Rangers. Tuli Column.
- S.—Salisbury Column.
- V.—Victoria Column.

Adams, H. J., c/o Barclays Bank, 359 West Street Durban (V).

Bevan, E. H., 21 Innes Street, Kimberley, C.P. (S).

Bradfield, E. E., P.O. Box 614, Salisbury, S.R. (V).

Buske, F. A., Kilburn, Muswell Hill Road, Mowbray, C.P. (B).

Carruthers, J., P.O. Box 211, Salisbury, S.R. (V).

Cohen, L. Wing/Co., D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., Capel House, 62 New Broad Street, London, W.C. 2 (V).

Cooke, G. A., Esperanza, Pemba, N. Rhodesia (B).

Deister, J., 753 Umgeni Road, Durban (B).

Elliot, L., Royal Society's Club, 100 Piccadilly, London, W.1 (B).

Gray, H. W., P.O. Hartley, S. Rhodesia (R).

Hume, A. W., P.O. Box 33, Gwelo, S.R. (B).

Hutley, F. E., Holmwood, Dean Ave., S. Ruislip, Middlesex, England (B).

Jamieson, J., P.O. Box 481, Bulawayo, S.R. (S).

Judge, J. C., The Willows, Stradbroke-by-Diss, Norfolk, England (V).

Lynch, T. J., c/o Mrs. Larkin, 21 Western Road, Port Elizabeth (V).

Mack, J., Golden Valley Mine, Gatooma, S.R. (S).

Main, A., P.O. Macheke, S.R. (V).

Moffat, Hon. H. U., C.M.G., Ormiston, P.O. Shangani, S.R. (B).

Morling, W., Masonic Hostel, 136 du Toitspan Road, Kimberley (R).

O'Dell, D., Major, M.C., 66a Cambridge Gardens, Notting Hill, London, W. (B).

Paddon, Major Cecil, P.O. Box 1159, Bulawayo, S.R. (V).

Posselt, H. E., P.O. Felixburg, S.R. (V).

Shed, W. B., 24 Wight Street, Roodepoort, Transvaal (R).

Smuts, C. D. C., Major, P.O. Caledon, C.P. (B).

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P.O. Robertson, C.P. (B).

Stevens, C. E., The Cottage, The Drive, Camps
Bay, C.P. (V).

Warth, T. W., M.B.E., London Road, Rounds,
Wellingborough, England (B).

Wilson, B. "Matabele," Belmont, 18 Upper Orange
Street, Orangezicht, Cape Town (S).

Querl, A., P.O. Box 136, Bulawayo, S.R.
(Warren's Expedition).

I notice that the name of Major Collier-Gates, now in London, is not included in the list. He has been out of Rhodesia for many years, and there may be other survivors of the '93 column in other parts of the world. If they are known, I suggest the information should be passed to Major Paddon.

The business manager of *The Outpost* tells me that some subscriptions remain unpaid, although several accounts have been sent to the subscribers concerned, and delivery of the magazine has therefore regretfully been suspended. Perhaps this reminder may solve the problem of why some have not received the Christmas Number and bring in a few cheques.

Captain T. E. Beck advises me of his change of address to P.O. Uvongo Beach, South Coast, Natal. He says the "Old Comrades" sketches about which there has been so much controversy, remind him very much of two old-timers he knew in the Bulawayo District in the '20's—"Snitch" Hutchings and his pal "Mac," of Madobe's fame, and says that these two gentlemen will still be remembered by some serving members in the Corps. "Turk" alias "Chicken" E. Fowles, ex 2034, writing from P.O. Box 5, Cato Ridge, Natal, has been spending a few months holiday in Natal and met Captain Beck, Colonel Harrison and a few other Rhodesians. He says that he finds peaceful retirement has been well worth waiting for. He may be returning to Rhodesia soon (as they all do!) to see what changes have taken place. He says "Those responsible for the new set-up of *The Outpost* are to be congratulated and those people to whom I have shown copies have been genuinely impressed and the general remark has been that it is exceptionally well "got up." He also thinks that

"Culled from Force Orders" should be a permanent item in the magazine. He concluded by sending his greetings and good wishes for 1951 to all Old Comrades, their wives and families, and the men still serving.

I am sure that "Chicken" will not mind if I disclose that he was the hero (and the author) of "Elephant Adventure" which appeared in the November issue. His adventure was alarming as I know from experience. A charging elephant is not so frightening when circumstances favour the hunter, but when the reverse is the case . . . well, anything may happen. I have only been charged twice. The first time I was young and self-confident, it was broad daylight, and I had a double .450 Westley Richards of which the blast alone would turn any charge, I should say. It was years later, when I was married and had a family and I had given up hunting dangerous game in view of my domestic responsibilities that my really frightening experience occurred. It was almost entirely due to the persuasions of my wife that I gave up the thrill of big game hunting, and for years I had been impressing upon her, with complete honesty of conviction, that she could walk alone and unarmed through the most heavily game-infested area with the chances ten thousand to one against her being molested by any so-called dangerous animal, the remote chance being, perhaps, a meeting with a lioness or elephant cow with young. I had almost convinced her when we went on a motor tour of the Colony and I drove along a main road in the Zambesi Valley with the special purpose of letting my wife and family see wild elephant which, in those parts, were alleged to be very tame and quite indifferent to sightseers. On leaving thick bush and entering open mopani parkland I saw a large herd of elephant cows and calves standing peacefully about 80 yards from the roadside. My wife also saw them and implored me to drive on, but with the calm assurance of a self-styled experienced hunter I stopped the car and turned to her to calm her fears. As I did so I heard the high-pitched scream which I knew so well and I saw a huge cow coming full tilt for the car with ears out and trunk up. The two or three seconds which I took to sum up the position brought her to within 15 yards of the car. Then I put my foot down and let in the clutch with such speed that I think we must have leapt ten feet. I led the old cow by about only four lengths for a few yards but, fortunately, the road was good and she was soon left behind. I slowed down a few hundred yards along the road and looked back and saw her stamping at the edge of the road and goring a large mopani with her tusks. Needless

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THE OUTPOST, JANUARY, 1951

to say, my chances of being allowed to hunt elephant after this experience were considerably shortened!

Other Old Comrades I have heard from have been Mick Hunt, ex 411, who is staying at Hot Springs Hotel, P.B. Umtali, and G. Marshall (2479) of 28 Boyd Road, Pietermaritzburg. E. S. Richards-Everett writes from c/o Odhams Press, Ltd., 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, to say that he saw the name of Mr. R. Carruthers-Smith in *The Outpost* and enclosing a letter to R.C.S. for me to re-direct as they were associated in Rhodesia for many years. He also mentions Mr. Fallowfield-Cooper whose name he saw in my column and goes on to say: "I feel sure you will be pleased to know that these notes do succeed in bringing old friends into touch with one another again." I am pleased indeed, and I hope that ex-members and associates of the Corps derive as much pleasure from reading my notes as I do from receiving letters and writing "Old Comrades." A. W. Boot (ex No. 3618) has written from c/o Barclays Bank, Nakuru, Kenya.

Chief Inspector Lardant passed on to me a photo of Jack Betts which is published with this column. He is with the Veterinary Department at Namwala, Northern Rhodesia, and is enjoying bundu life. Ex. 1612, Cpl. H. F. Martin, called at my office to see me at the end of November. He had recently arrived from England. Unfortunately I was out and was unable to contact him again. He served from 1912 to 1920, was on active service with the Police in 1914-1918. He was later commissioned in the N.R.P. but left and went to live in England. He also served in the Royal Navy (Transport). Luckily, he met "H.H." who arranged a sundowner at which four ex-B.S.A.P. met for the first time for 30 years, "H.H.'s" other guests being Tim Law (1489), E. Rochard (1636) and Leslie Messam (u). Whilst mentioning Mr. W. Huges-Halls, M.B.E., we congratulate him upon his appointment as Officer Commanding of the Imperial Legion of Frontiersmen, Rhodesian Unit. Major F. A. Marr (ex. No. 1029) and ex-2nd Rhodesia Regiment and K.A.R. is now District Commissioner at Kasane, B.P., via Livingstone. Another Old Comrade living in B.P. is Charlie Wilson, ex-B.S.A.P. (No. 193), 2nd Rhodesia Regiment and B.P. Police. He has a store near Palapye.

Last month I mentioned the old newsletters which Mr. J. Just sent from England. I have been browsing through them and I wish that those who were around Tuli in 1890-1893 could read them, for I am sure they would bring some happy memories. One can hardly realise these days that

Tuli was once a pioneer town with hotels, bakeries, butcheries, attorneys' offices. I have never been there but I shall make it my business to visit the site of Rhodesia's first commercial town when I am next in that part of the country. Not even a Police post now!

One advertisement from *The Mashonaland Herald and Zambesian Times* of 19th September, 1891, proclaims "Mr. H. E. Hammond is leaving with two wagons down country this afternoon. Fares to Tuli £5, Pretoria and Johannesburg and Kimberley £10. Luggage 100lb. free. Any person having any claim against the above will oblige by calling at his wagons at the Kopje." F. Hutchinson (late of D Troop) advertises his profession of Attorney-at-Law. There is also a report: "Lieut. Coope and a party of Police start to-day to cut a broad wagon road through the "poort," thus greatly shortening the road to Mazoe and, what is more important, affording a road for traffic through the wet season. We understand the Charter Company intends to keep a store at Mazoe during the rains. So the Police also incorporated the Roads Department in those days! Were any of my readers in that working party under Lieut. Coope?

The same issue also gives an account of the first anniversary of Occupation Day. It was celebrated by a dinner at the Mashonaland Hotel. The article leads by complimenting Mr. Stewart and the Dinner Committee for the excellent dinner and arrangements. Mr. A. H. S. Bird was in the chair and among those present were Dr. Harris, Colonel Pennefather, Mr. Selous, A. E. Caldecott, Major Forbes, Duncan, Newdegate, Hochner, Dr. Rand, Rev. Father Prestwick, Theo. Bent, E. Bent, Hole Hawtayne, Capt. Graham, Lord Deerpur, Gourlay, F. W. Hochner, Gie, Fort, H. S. Stokes, P. Campbell, Slade, Coope, Bodle, Reid, Morkel, Bray, Christeson, Seward, Cornwall, Wyatt, Furnbridge, Burnette, Schermbrucker, Ogilvie, Beresford, Slater, Fry, Craven, Watts, Hill, Needham, Franceys (?), Wallace, "and many other leading gentlemen were present though many others were absent at the Fields and a few indisposed."

The chairman proposed The Queen and The Royal Family which were enthusiastically drunk, then proposed the toast of "Occupation Day." "The occupation was completed of what would soon be one, he believed, of the greatest British Colonies (Hear, hear!) without the firing of a shot. In fact the very audacity of the march had been its safety." The remainder of the chairman's speech consisted in the main of an indictment of the Chartered Company for failing to fulfil their promises to the Pioneers.

The *Rhodesia Chronicle and Mashonaland Advertiser* of the 14th May, 1892, displays an advertisement of Messrs. Campbell & Drummond's "1-page Hotel," 14 miles north Tuli, and their "Umshaber's Hotel," 50 miles north, "under the distinguished patronage of H.E. Sir Henry Lock, K.C.B., Sir Frederick Carrington, K.C.M.G., and officers of the B.B.P., and Colonel Pennefather and officers of the B.S.A.C.P." Another advertisement which probably explains why one always finds blue gums near old homesteads reads: "Blue Gums (Eucalyptus), the only know preventive of Fever, to be obtained from Bowden, Galt & Co., Tuli. Fine healthy young plants at 1s. each."

THE CHRONICLER

This issue also publishes arrangements for a cricket match—Tuli versus B.B.P.—to be held on the Queen's birthday, 24th May, 1892. And can any old-timer tell me the meaning of this notice: "Wiggle Wagglings are Ikona this week. Simon"? I must know—I am intrigued beyond words!

I now quote from *The Umtali Advertiser* of the 13th December, 1893.

"A 'special' was issued by *The Rhodesia Herald* stating—Major Forbes and Capt. Raff left Bulawayo on the 14th ult. towards Shiloh where Lo Ben is supposed to be—it further states—that the Column is reported by runner to have met the enemy when a small engagement took place in which we were successful. Major Wilson holds a strong position 40 miles from Bulawayo with over 1,000 head of cattle. Major Forbes is still following Lo Ben. Two boys who have come from the King say he is deserted by his men and taking refuge northward."

Sport was apparently not neglected for the following notice appears in *The Matabeleland News and Mining Record* of 10th July, 1894. "Challenge. I, H. Schenk, am open, in a fortnight's time, to spar to a finish either M. Roper or T. Hayden for £25 aside. A deposit of £5 at the office of this paper will clinch matters. Bulawayo, 7th July, 1894." Ah! Those were the days!

To the Editor . . .

The Editor,
The Outpost,
Box 803, Salisbury.

Dear Sir,

I see it is just 59 years to-day since I got my discharge. My discharge I left with the Sergeants' Mess about 10 years ago, simply because they had no discharge certificate of the early 90's.

In looking through *The Outpost* received yesterday, I think Charter Camp gives one (from memory) a very wrong impression, viz.: We were in rags. The horses were skin and bones, and of a very poor class. There were no native servants, or boys.

It is probably a printer's error, but Lance Sergeant J. C. Quorn joined up on the 28th January, 1890, not in 1899.

I still find pleasure in reading *The Outpost*, and I always pass it on to an old pal in Australia who was dispatch riding with me in 1891, viz.: George Gain, alias "Chicken to all his pals, who stays at Woolloowin, Brisbane, Queensland.

He was also of "D" Troop, 1890. There is also another "D" Troop man there, viz.: W. A. Tinewell, Reg. No. 244, who attested 7th February, 1890.

Yours faithfully,
R. CARRUTHERS-SMITH.

Reg. No. 527, attested 29th April, 1890,
also of "D" Troop, 1890.

P.O. Box 66, Selukwe,
21st December, 1950.



Jack Betts in Northern Rhodesia.

Obituary

COLONEL GEORGE PARSON

News has been received of the death in Durban in November, 1950, of Colonel George Parson, C.B.E., D.S.O., a former Commander of the Southern Rhodesia Forces. He was 71.

Colonel Parson, who retired in 1936, was born at the Cape where his father was a well-known doctor and surgeon. He was educated at Rugby. Commissioned into the Royal Garrison Artillery in 1899, he left that regiment to come to Rhodesia, first entering the Civil Service during which time he served in the old Southern Rhodesia Volunteers. He then joined the Southern Rhodesia Constabulary and rose to be a Sub-Inspector. The Constabulary were subsequently amalgamated with the British South Africa Police, in which Corps Colonel Parson was commissioned. When the Great War broke out in 1914, Colonel Parson went with the B.S.A.P. Column which secured the Caprivi Strip of German South-West Africa and then served for three years with the Southern Rhodesia Column in East Africa, being awarded the D.S.O. and bar. Returning to Staff Military duty in Southern Rhodesia after the War, he was particularly concerned with the inauguration of the Territorial Force. After being Chief Staff Officer he took over the command of the Southern Rhodesia Forces. He was promoted Colonel in 1930 and in 1934 was awarded the C.B.E. For a number of years he was also Director of Civil Aviation and President of the Southern Rhodesia National Rifle Association.

To his wife and two sons we extend our sympathy.



WILLIAM BARRY BITHREY (Ex. No. 1678)

The death recently occurred in St. Thomas's Hospital, London, of Ex-Sergeant Bithrey. He joined the B.S.A. Police in 1912 and served during the Great War with the Rhodesia Native Regiment. After the war he returned to the B.S.A.P. and was later commissioned in the Nyasaland Police in which he rose to be Commissioner. He was subsequently transferred to Tanganyika as Commissioner of Police. He retired in 1949 and went to

live in England. Mr. Bithrey was the author of several books and was an authority on native languages.



COLONEL R. S. GODLEY

Lieutenant-Colonel R. S. Godley, who was Deputy-Commissioner of Police on the Witwatersrand from 1921 to 1931, died at Taunton, Somerset, England, on December 3rd, 1950.

He came to South Africa from England in 1896, and fought in the Matabeleland and Mashonaland rebellions.

Later he held a commission in the British South Africa Police. While taking part in the relief of Mafeking he was wounded.

In 1900 he was transferred to the South African Constabulary and held senior positions in the Transvaal and Natal until his retirement in 1931.

Asked by the Bechuanaland Administration to reorganise the Bechuanaland Police, he spent six years in that territory before returning to England in 1937.



MAJOR L. G. BLAND

The death occurred at his home, "Clarksdale," Dordrecht, Cape, recently of Major L. G. Bland, who came to Rhodesia as a Trooper in the Mashonaland Mounted Police in 1896.

Major Bland joined the Cape Mounted Police after the Mashona Rebellion and later served with distinction in the South African War and the Great War.

He is survived by four daughters and a son.



FARRIER SERGEANT PETER E. A. BRIGHTEN (No. 3706)

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Farrier Sergeant Peter Brighten, following a riding accident at Gwelo on 9th January, 1951.

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SCHEDULE

The British South Africa Company owns the Mineral Rights of Northern Rhodesia and extensive Mineral Rights in the Bechuanaland Protectorate and Nyasaland.

In Southern Rhodesia the Company owns extensive orange groves on their Mazoe, Premier and Sinoia Estates and maize and wheat are grown on their Mazoe, Premier and Simoona Estates.

A modern plant to deal with the extraction of Orange Oil and Concentrated Juice, and other Citrus derivatives, has been established on the Mazoe Estate.

On the Company's Imbeza Estate, near Umtali, there is an established Forestry Plantation of nearly 3,000 acres, and a well-equipped Saw Mill.

Through its connection with the Rhodesian Milling and Manufacturing Company, Limited, the Company is largely interested in the Flour and Maize Milling Industry in Southern and Northern Rhodesia.

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H. St. L. GRENFELL, Esq., M.C.

"Pete" Brighten was born in London in 1914 and educated at Northcliffe House School, Bognor. Soon after leaving school, he was attracted to the open air life and for a time worked at a riding school in the West Country of England. The urge to travel led to his entry into the Merchant Navy in which he served for several years before coming to Rhodesia to join the B.S.A. Police in 1938. He was stationed in the Salisbury and Gatooma districts and in 1946 joined the Farrier Staff. He had a genuine love of animals and this, together with his carefree and cheerful nature, made him

one of the most popular and best known men in the Force. He will be sadly mourned.

He was buried with full military honours at St. Cuthbert's Church, Gwelo, on 10th January when representatives of all branches of the British South Africa Police and the Royal Air Force attended the service. The Commissioner of Police was represented by the Officer Commanding Midlands Province, Lieutenant-Colonel B. G. Spurling; Buglers of Chaplin High School Cadets sounded Last Post and Reveille.

B. S. A. Police Memorial, Salisbury

At the Anglican Cathedral of St. Mary and All Saints in Salisbury work is going ahead in the building of Cloisters. The original plans were made by the late Major W. J. Roberts, O.B.E., A.R.I.B.A., the diocesan architect, as far back as 1942, and were based on a ground plan prepared many years before by the late Mr. F. L. H. Fleming, partner of Sir Herbert Baker, the architect responsible for the Cathedral.

The Cloisters are in granite, which is the same material as used for the Cathedral, and the stonework has almost been completed; the roofing will be of slate, and the whole building will be a most dignified adjunct to the Cathedral, and indeed to the City.

The prime mover in this work is the Very Rev. Father Osmund Victor, C.R., the Dean of Salisbury, who states that the full scheme envisages three sides with chapels at the north-west and south-east corners. These chapels will hold "Books of Remembrance" in glass cases. He goes on to say in a letter to the Commissioner, "During the past month or so, a number of organisations have expressed their wish to make themselves responsible for a bay in the cloisters in which they may in the years to come affix such memorials as they may wish to do. It occurred to me that possibly the B.S.A. Police might wish to do the same. You would, of course, know whether this would meet the minds of the B.S.A. Police The cost of a Bay amounts to something between £200 and £250. Whether it would be possible to raise this sum, even slowly, is not for me to say, but for my part I should be very happy to think that the Police, whose graves may be scattered about all over Southern Rhodesia should be commemorated in this central way. As was the case with the War

Shrine, so with the Cloisters, the question of race, colour, class, denomination, have never come into the picture. It is enough that those so commemorated have laid down their lives whether in war or in the service of their country."

The possibility of B.S.A. Police participation in the scheme was a subject for discussion at the last meeting of the Central Committee of the B.S.A. Police Regimental Association, and because it was noted that this memorial will be of a national character, without any reservations as to race or religious denomination, it was agreed that it is most worthy of support by serving and ex-members of the Force.

Unfortunately neither Regimental nor Association funds can appropriately be drawn upon for this purpose, and it was therefore decided, with the Commissioner's consent, that an appeal should be made through *The Outpost*, inviting subscriptions from all our comrades who wish to support this memorial.

The Bay, through the courtesy of the Cathedral authorities, has already been reserved in anticipation of its cost being fully subscribed, and arrangements have been made for the Editor of *The Outpost* to receive donations, which will be credited to the "B.S.A. Police Memorial Fund." There is no central place where the names of B.S.A. Police and ex-B.S.A. Police who have died, are commemorated, but there are numerous memorials scattered throughout this Colony and elsewhere. For instance, those who fell in the Boer War are recorded on brass tablets outside the National Museum at Bulawayo, but there are many

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isolated graves known only to the Police section which is responsible for their upkeep.

It is intended that the "Book of Remembrance" shall contain the names of all European and African members of the Force who, whilst serving, have died from whatever cause, whether in this Colony or elsewhere. It is also hoped, if the information is forthcoming, to include a special section to record the names of Regimental Association members and other ex-members who have died since leaving the Force, but for this the full co-operation of subscribers will be necessary, in order to compile the information. Any suggestions for the manner in which names should be listed in the "Book of Remembrance" will be welcomed.

In conclusion it is sincerely hoped that there will be a ready response to this appeal and that those who wish to subscribe will not hesitate because they may be able to send only a small sum.

The Beit Trustees have shown great interest in this project since its inception, and are contributing pound for pound for all donations sent to the General Fund for the building of the Cloisters, and this will, of course, cover Police contributions.

All donations will be acknowledged in *The Outpost*, whose readers will be kept in touch with the progress of the building. A picture of the Cloisters will be published in this magazine as soon as one is available.

A.S.H.

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY CAME BACK

K. J. Ewels, of Mazeppa Bay, writes:

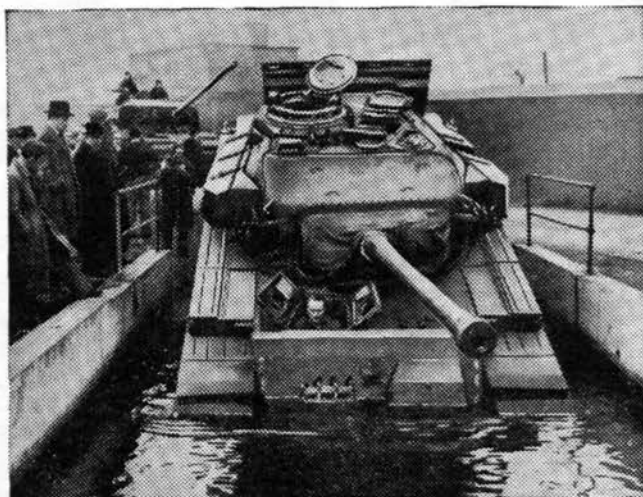
"Mr. Norman Nimmo, who has set himself the task of regaining the record recently taken from Mazeppa Bay, connected with a blue-pointer recently and, after playing it for an hour, had the misfortune of losing it prior to gaffing as a result of his trace fouling a reef. The next morning the shark was washed up high and dry.

"Measurements were: Length, 9ft. 6in.; girth, 5ft. 2in.; weight, between 550lb. and 600lb.

"Although very disappointed, Mr. Nimmo had the satisfaction of weighing 'the big one that got away' and retrieving his hooks and portion of trace."

Local friends and I are sorry to hear of Norman Nimmo's unlucky slip "between cup and lip." Anyway, there is no need to remind him that there are bigger ones swimming around at Mazeppa Bay. By the way, tell him that fish and sharks are always measured from nose tip to tail tip—not to the crotch of the latter.

K. J. Ewels, of Mazeppa Bay, in "East London Dispatch."



Britain's new 50-ton tank. Latest fighting vehicle of its kind. The massive Centurion, now coming out of British ordnance factories in large numbers, is believed to be the only new tank to be produced in quantity by any nation since the last world war.

Since tanks may have to carry their crews through fire and water, go ashore on unfamiliar beaches and fight in difficult country, thorough testing is carried out before they leave the factory. This picture shows a Centurion undergoing the water test by entering five feet of water for a set time to ensure that it has no leakage and that its engine will run on a steep slope.

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Festival of Britain Series

Without the Crystal Palace there would be no Festival of Britain in 1951, for the shining structure housed the Great Exhibition held in Hyde Park during 1851, which the Festival is celebrating in its centenary year. If the burning fingers of fate had not decreed that the Palace should go up in flames in 1936, there is little doubt but that the main activities of the Festival would have been held on the heights of Sydenham Hill this year. It is therefore, fitting that a series of articles covering the Festival of Britain, which means London Triumphant, should commence with the Crystal Palace.



A CROWD of anxious faces peering at the lone house burning, ladies pulling their long, tight skirts closer to them as a fresh wave of African warriors surge forth from the surrounding trees, then, midst cheers, the mounted men come on the scene. The Impi is dispersed, a woman is rescued from the burning homestead, and to the sound of cheers and martial music, the people disperse to tea, cakes, and the sparrows which wait eagerly below the iron tables for crumbs.

This is no scene from the Matabele Rebellion, but a description of one of the regular Military displays which were staged at the early part of the century at the Crystal Palace.

The Festival of Britain celebrates the centenary of the construction of the giant glass and iron structure which became known as the Crystal Palace, a wonder of its era, opened by Queen Victoria at the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park of 1851. Moved to Sydenham Hill in 1852, it was a landmark visible from the heights of North London, the North Downs, and from as far away as Sevenoaks in Kent. Millions streamed through its turnstiles to view the stuffed gorillas, aquarium, rose gardens, meandering down through the terraces overlooked by huge stone prehistoric monsters. Threatened in 1911 with bankruptcy, the structure and the 200 acres on which it stood was saved by the efforts and generosity of the Earl of Plymouth, and a subsequent appeal in "The Times," when the Palace was purchased and presented to the nation.

A visit to the Crystal Palace was one of those relaxations Londoners felt they could indulge in on the Sabbath, in the days when it was wicked to attend a football match on Sundays, or put sixpence into a slot machine to obtain a packet of cigarettes. They came in their thousands, dressed in their best, promenading along the Parade, picking out the Tower Bridge in the haze, and the Palace's rival on the northern heights of London, Alexander Palace. Famous for nearly a century, visitors rumbled up College Wood Park Road in the old growlers and hansom cabs. The early buses and brakes passed through London's only surviving toll gate near Sydenham Hill Station climbing to the freshness of the heights. The head of the family, father, wore his morning coat, fawn striped waistcoat and spats, mother her long skirts which would make three to-day, while the son dressed in a sailor suit, trailed between them.

Before the amalgamation of the Railways, the Crystal Palace High and Low Level stations were termini. To appreciate the Palace in all its grandeur one disembarked from the train at the Low Level station, where the shining structure scintillated high above. Climbing the terraces from what was known as the free grounds, nothing was missed. It was at the top of the South Tower, that Baird completed all his earliest experiments with television. The Palace would have come into its own as the Southern home station of

Number 1 THE CRYSTAL PALACE

television but for the disastrous fire which laid it low in 1936. Instead, its rival on the other side of London has that distinction.

During the first world war, the Palace became known as H.M.S. Crystal Palace, for it was here naval recruits received their initial training—men who subsequently fought at Zbrugge. The lacework of railway tunnels beneath the structure made excellent shelters when the zeppelins were about.

Thursday night was the big night at the Palace—fireworks. The three-hour exhibitions

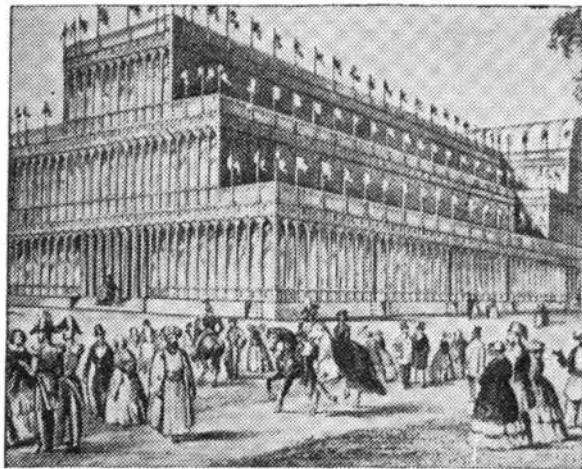
made the name of the firm of Brocks. Rockets, streamers roared skywards, and those the boys swore at—grounders they called them because they made amazing mysterious noises in the grounds lasting longer than the fireworks visible from outside the enclosure, a privilege for those who paid the admission fee. These grounders were an amazing spectacle. Set out on large frames, the crowds watched soldiers fighting, horses prancing and popular music hall characters of the day performing in a galaxy of colourful sparks, finally to disintegrate with an explosion midst brown and black smoke.

Then in the middle twenties the greatest thrill of all was started—the parachute act. Prior to the firework display a small biplane circled the Palace; all eyes gazed skywards. A dot appeared, falling rapidly to earth, a parachute opened, a primitive affair compared with its modern counterpart, and the brave lady swung from the strings. Slowly she descended to earth dressed in riding breeches and a gaily coloured shirt, thrilling many hearts. Week after week she performed this amazing feat, until one Thursday she hit the glass of the Palace itself. It was then the act was discontinued.

The Palace was famous for its military band concerts, Crufts famous Dog Show, military displays which brought a breath of Africa, India and Australia to South London. Who can remember the dirt track—Roger Frogley and Buster Brown the ace riders? At Eastertide, singers from all corners of the earth assembled to take part in the sacred concerts of Good Friday and Easter Sunday. Tier after tier of school children rose up to the crystal roof, enraptured by the golden notes. Blondin, the tight-rope walker, wanted to walk a wire stretched from between the two towers; after much negotiation with the authorities the feat was not permitted.

Britain's finest brass bands assembled at the Palace for their annual contests. Names like Fodens, St. Hilda's, and the Black Dyke Mills band were household words when the finals commenced.

It was on November 30th, 1936, Londoners on their way home were informed by news-vendors at the city termini, "Palace Afire! Palace Afire!" The fire started too late in the afternoon for its inclusion in the stop press column of the evening papers. People scanned their papers, then refused to believe it. But as the trains approached the tunnels of Sydenham Hill they saw the pall of smoke. Hundreds of thousands streamed to the Palace. Fire engines came from all parts of London, West Kent and Surrey, but



In 1851 the Crystal Palace was the showpiece of the Great Exhibition. The same firm is making the 1951 Festival of Britain flags.

it was too late—the Palace was well and truly ablaze. A solid mass of humanity surged up Sydenham Hill. The 2a and 3 buses terminated over a mile away so great were the crowds. The rumour spread that the South Tower might fall, but those at the front could not move back. Fortunately, no such calamity occurred.

Next day only a mass of molten glass and twisted metal remained, overlooked by the two towers which stabbed upwards from the smoking debris. From the South Tower Baird's metal ariels hung despondently over Anerley Hill.

It was never definitely ascertained how the fire commenced, although it was thought to have started under the grand bandstand in the central arcade. The manager, Sir Henry Buckland,

By K. D. LEAVER

walked among the ruins a broken man, for it was he who had helped to build up the Palace's reputation as a resort and spa for Londoners.

Fifteen more years, and the Palace would have taken its rightful place at the Festival of Britain. As long ago as 1934 there was talk of another great exhibition there during 1951. What of the site now? Plans are afoot to make the grounds another Mecca for Londoners, and so they should be.

The Crystal Palace has shared the nation's joys and sorrows. In 1851, it was a showpiece of the world indicating just what Britain could build. It helped to pioneer television from its lofty tower. It was synonymous with the building of the British Empire, for in its heyday it showed

a little-travelled public how Empire builders went to work. Every great deed would be bound to be presented in tableaux form at the Palace. To the Londoner it stood as a symbol of the security and greatness of Britain, physically and morally, for the respectability which pervaded it was part of the way of life. Many will visit the heights of Sydenham Hill during 1951 to show their sons where the Palace stood. They will not even see the towers now for they have both been

pulled down. They were too great an assistance to the enemy in the last war. Since the Palace was destroyed, it seems the whole neighbourhood has changed. Even the great brick chimney which used to belch smoke from the railway tunnels below has served its purpose, for with the electrification of the railways it has no job to do.

The gaunt prehistoric monsters carved in stone, survey the scene, dreaming no doubt of the millions they once entertained.

"THE OUTPOST" PRIZE COMPETITIONS

Details of the March Quarterly Competitions are published below:—

1. First prizes of £5 5s. and second prizes of £2 2s. are offered for the best entries submitted for publication in *The Outpost* in each of the undermentioned subjects. Entries to be approximately 2,000 words in length—
 - (a) An article on any aspect of Police work in any part of Africa.
 - (b) A fictional article or short story with a Police interest.
2. The competitions are open only to subscribers to *The Outpost*.
3. The judges for the competitions shall be appointed by the President of *The Outpost* Committee.
4. The Committee reserves the right to reproduce any entries other than prize-winning entries, without payment.
5. The closing date for the competitions is 31st March, 1951.
6. Entries must be clearly marked "Quarterly Competition" and addressed to the Editor, *The Outpost*, P.O. Box 803, Salisbury. Any entries sent under a nom-de-plume will be published as such, but names and addresses of all entrants must be submitted to the Editor.
7. The Committee reserves the right to withhold the award of either the first or second prize if the entries are considered below the required standard.

Roll out the Barrel

The B.B.C.'s "In Town To-night" programme delights in bringing to the microphone people who have unusual jobs. One of the oddest was described recently by Edward Templeman, a professional barrel smeller. Mr. Templeman, whose Cockney accent seemed like a breath of home to exiled Londoners, explained that his job as a barrel smeller was to put his nose at the top of the bung hole and "sniff for the stinkers." When empty barrels come back from the pubs they have to be washed and steamed and in cases where they are very dirty they are shaved and fired, because if dirt of any kind is left in them the effect on the beer is bad. "If a barrel is not sweet as a sea breeze," said Mr. Templeman, "it turns the palate of the beer and yours as well." He smells between four and five hundred barrels a day and finds it very interesting "sorting them out with your nose." He takes no special precautions to keep his sense of smell fresh, and drinks and smokes with his pals, "in fact," he said, "a couple of pints tunes up the nose." "You might say," remarked Mr. Templeman reflectively, "that it would be a perfect job if bung holes were made a bit higher, but you get used to stooping as time goes by."

The Editor has received for review *Field Sports*, a magazine published every other month by Watmoughs Limited, Idle, near Bradford, Yorkshire. It contains articles on shooting, wild-fowling, otter and fox-hunting, beagling, stalking, fishing, bird life and bird-watching which are well written and of world-wide interest. The illustrations are excellent. I recommend it to outdoors men.

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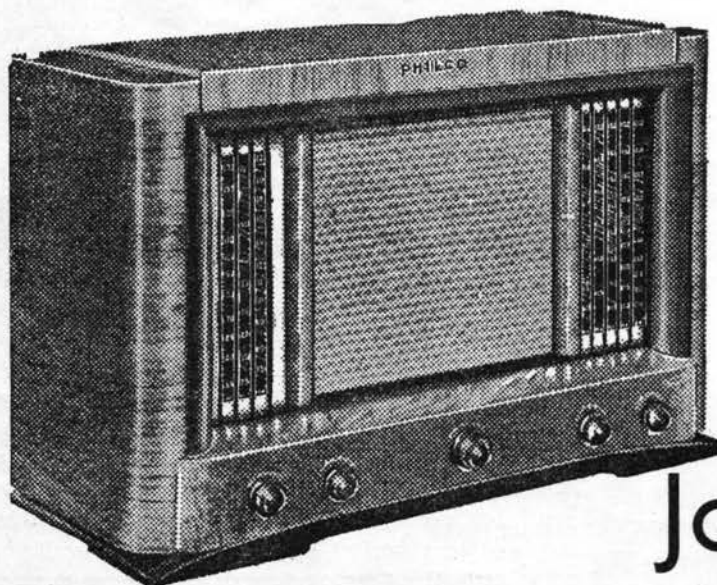
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WANEZI SCRAPBOOK

FROM the Marumbeni escarpment you look across the valley to Lusongo hill and beyond, a valley whose limits are one with the skies even on the clearest of days. The great attraction about this place is that the rest-hut, so sited and constructed, allows one to lie at ease on a bamboo bed and watch the first streaks of light spill over the rim of the bowl that is the Lower Sabi Valley; at first picking out the silver gleam of the rivers then brightening the red sandstone cliffs. To the south-west the hills in the Gono Re Zhou rise enigmatically, to the east the Sabi and Lundi rivers converge, while Mount Selinda rises far beyond.

Early in the morning, smoke from the kraals deep in the bush curls lazily through the trees into the hazy sky and disperses into low-lying stratas of mist below the escarpment. Voices and the noise of someone chopping wood come clearly across the valley. There is a pot of coffee waiting, a swim before breakfast and all is right with the world. Yet how often people have complained that there is nothing to commend the place.

To me there is something both satisfying yet challenging about this viewpoint; for it is from here that the Sabi is glimpsed as it enters Mozambique and becomes more romantically named the Rio Save, a name that conjures up a host of thoughts. Was it along this route that the early traders came from Sofala on the east coast, or perhaps from countries across the Indian Ocean? The greater part of its length is navigable by small boats and the proximity of ruins on the north banks of the Lundi would suggest that the Rio Save provided an easy route to the kingdom of Monomotapa. It is known from old documents that Moorish traders told Thomas Lopez the whereabouts of a fortress, and their description makes it appear that they referred to Zimbabwe. Perhaps we shall never know for certain if traders came by this route, but when the micro-films of Portuguese records have been studied we shall have a better idea as to whether they passed close to this escarpment.

* * *

Everyone who returns from a patrol in the Gono Re Zhou is asked the same question, "See any elephants?" and invariably the answer is "Yes."

THE OUTPOST, JANUARY, 1951

Between the Red Hills and Buffalo Bend, the twisted trunks of the Mpani trees stand gaunt and devoid of branches. The area might be a bombing range, so desolate is it. I once camped on the banks of the Nuanetsi River where it is joined by the Nyamunyu and in the afternoon went south down the road to get meat for a large gang of natives working on the drift. A lioness had been shot the previous day and there was a chance of seeing the cubs which had been making a great deal of noise.

The water pools were deserted, so we set off back to the base camp, and by this time it was close to sunset. My passenger, "Christmas," suddenly pointed to the left as we came round a bend in the road, and there was a big tusker standing in the scrub. I stopped to see if there were others ahead and at that moment the herd broke from cover and surged on to the road not 50 yards from us. The bull we had first seen appeared annoyed at our presence and swayed from side to side ominously. All the old dodges of blowing whistles, firing guns, and beating a tattoo on the door of the jeep were of no avail.

There was nothing to do except go ahead and hope for the best. In next to no time we were passing the main herd which had remained standing close to the left of the road silhouetted against a saffron sunset, an unforgettable primaevial frieze of uplifted trunks, gleaming tusks and slowly flapping ears. Any feelings of interest were rudely changed to those of self-preservation as a bull came crashing down the slope, flattening trees and bushes

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ANGWA STREET — SALISBURY

PAGE NINETEEN

with cosummate ease. The jeep performed miracles and then perversely stalled on a small hill. Christmas stood on the front seat and gave a running commentary which I failed to appreciate at the time. The bull, screaming with rage, charged along the road, and as I jabbed frantically at the starter I looked into the rear-view mirror and saw what should have been an extract from the Movie-tone News but unfortunately was not. Needless to say, the jeep behaved itself in the nick of time and as we bumped along the road with that trumpeting and thundering behind us, Christmas lost his bush hat. Presumably the elephant caught sight of the red hat-band and gave up the chase to investigate; for when we returned the next morning, the spoor of the elephant stopped at the hat and then turned into the bush. In future part of my patrol kit will be a supply of old hats.

* * *

Keen first-aiders and students of anatomy will be familiar with the *erector spinae*, those two columnular muscles on the back which are particularly well developed among native women who day in and day out balance heavy pots on their heads.

The Shangaans have an interesting custom of displaying their tribal markings on and below these muscles. Examples of such personal adornment are often seen, rivalling in their own peculiar way the art of tattooing among other races. No doubt ethnologists find this a fruitful field for research and have written much on the subject. It is the choice of location that intrigues; the owners of these tribal markings have no fear that they will be unobserved as their habits of living in *puris naturalibus* except for a low-slung bead-encrusted skirt ensures that the art is adequately displayed to all and sundry.

They have their heady mulala wine with its subtle flavour of gin and ginger beer, mkumbi beer from the fruit that the hippos will trek many miles to get, and their distinctive walled kraals; all these are peculiar to the Shangaans, but their skill in decorating the *erector spinae* takes a lot of beating.

* * *

Where is the Limpopo of Kipling? Not in this district I'll be bound, but then we have only a short stretch of its meandering length, from the junction with the Bubyee to international beacon number one. Baobabs guard the isolated graves, monkeys swing in the fever trees and pink herons strut by the placid pools where tiger fish are ready

to give good sport. It may be thus along its whole length, but of one thing I am certain—there is not a wine shop every other mile. This is an institution such as only our good neighbours in Mozambique can provide, having all the bonhomie of the store and a little something else. The wine you may say, perhaps you are right; the atmosphere is certainly different, the customers more colourful, the store-boy more obliging and, of course, the prices quite exorbitant. Do those serried ranks of empty demi-johns indicate as many nights of carousing? The travellers to Johannesburg and beyond break their journey here for a glass of cheap wine and a song to the accompaniment of the strumming guitars, before crossing the Limpopo. I have a sneaking feeling that they must often think of international beacon number one after the Rand has claimed them.

CUM SALIS GRANO.

Domestic Notes

BIRTHS

LEAVER.—To Detective/1/Sergeant Kenneth D. and Mrs. Leaver at Gwelo on the 19th December, 1950, a son (Philip Kenneth Dudley).

CRABBE.—To Brenda, wife of 2/Sergeant Eric Laurence Crabbe, at Birchenough House, Gwelo, on 4th November, 1950, a daughter, Susan Valerie.

GAUNTLETT — To S/1/Sergeant John Gerald Gauntlett and Mrs. Gauntlett, a son, Jeremy John, at the Lady Chancellor Maternity Home, Salisbury, on 10th November, 1950.

EVERITT.—To 1/Sergeant John Errol Everitt and Mrs. Everitt, at Gwelo, on 7th November, 1950, a daughter, Desiree Anne.

MARRIAGES

SOWTER—LLOYD. — 2/Sergeant Colin John Sowter to Miss Cynthia Nell Lloyd at the Church Hall, Shabani, on 6th November, 1950.

HOLROYDE—JAQUES. — S/Sub-Inspector Terence Holroyde to Miss Leo Monica Jaques on 4th November, 1950, at Christ Church, High Harrogate, England.

On

Memory's Shore

A RECENT paragraph in an East African newspaper stated that, in the course of some work designed to clear as well as deepen the approaches to the mouth of a well-known river up there, they were breaking up and removing the wreck of an old river steamer whose remains had been stranded for umpteen years on one of the banks.

I knew that steamer on the instant; there could be only one in that particular spot on that particular river. What's more, I, who write, once commanded her.

In fact, the news of her, still there on that sandbank, and about to be finally removed from the face of the earth, gave me quite a pang.

She had a name, but nobody bothered about that; she was known from coast far into the desert as simply "Koompany's steamer."

She was British-born, and lived from the first in an atmosphere of makeshift and optimism and desperate endeavour. To optimism she actually owed her existence, as also the name by which she was known. Cotton had been the cause. For at the time of which I write the banks of that East African River for ten miles up from its estuary, were a big patch of earth whose blackness sharply contrasted with the interior's barren yellow.

In that uninviting spot under the equator's sun those optimist envisaged fortune; and in due time, long years ago, "capital was interested," then labour in mass appeared, next a natty bungalow imported ready for erection; and finally, after her one and single sea voyage, waddling round from Mombasa, where she'd arrived in an ocean-goer's holds, "Koompany's (the company's) Steamer"; or, to be exact, "a twin-screw wood-burning compound shallow-draft vessel for navigation of tropical rivers."

Precisely how long that busy scene of planting and the rest of the river's lower reach persisted I do not know, or the cause of its ending, whether quota or tariff snags, or malaria, or capital failing after "heavy preliminary outlay," or just Africa of the meridional sun itself. But such information I did get was from direct sources.

"Yes, sah, for two Ramadans' space white men work very hard as per custom and plenty big swear

sat one morning of yesteryear perched on boxes and drinking his coffee in his store in Barwein's main street hard by the estuary banks! and his tone was sorrowful. "Five—ten—hundred men all busy, and I order heap more goods to sell very low prices, sah. Then—ah-la!—one day all stop, and all go except dam great house which white ants eat, and Koompany's steamer that Government buy at kick-up figure, eh?"

Well, it is not the ship born lucky, to a career of eventless prosperity, that encompasses romance; and after her rum start Koompany's along river," said Loll Ahmed, my informant, as we Steamer had enough varied adventure to fill a boy's story book. For behind the sun-smitten silences and remoteness, those deserts through which that river wound its tortuous south-bound way never knew

✦ ✦

By "DOLBARES"

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rest on account of jealous Italian, fierce Abyssinian, or Somali nomad ever on the move, intriguing and scrapping from the Berbera littoral downwards to the Indian Ocean.

Once the Abyssinian Degodia, cattle raiding in a really big way against the long-suffering but feeble Gurre under British protection, fought a fortnight of running scraps with such casualties that half the deserts threatened to blaze up, and the Government, genuinely alarmed, took emergency steps. It was Koompany's Steamer then which, with flag at one end, a handful of men at the other, and her boiler swathed in scrap iron amidships, did solitary sentry-go for twenty nights and days between the crocodile haunts of Illimo and Salagleh.

Again, when keen-eyed Italy charged us with connivance in the departure of a whole section of folk called Bartiri, anxious to join their friends on our side of the river, it was in Koompany's Steamer's stateroom (7ft. by 5ft. of raw match boarding) that a pact was achieved on the very brink of impassioned representations to Colonial Offices.

Yes, and Koompany's Steamer, too, because of her superior capacity, was flagship of all operations when, towards one year end, the latest "inspired prophet" thereabouts proclaimed Holy War against us in those deserts. Though no longer young, with armaments even at that time years out of date, Koompany's steamer time and again ran the gauntlet of thousands of inflamed dervishes taking pot shots at her as she struggled, an ideal target, at a mile an hour against the current.

It was during a necessary pause in this job that I learned Koompany's Steamer's day were numbered at last.

For a day or two a temporary, amphibious captain-general-admiral, I had tied up at dawn on the then Italian side of the river for wood, and in the silence as of a primaeval landscape had paused to give an order, when through the lifting mist of the far side came a volley's ripping crack, followed by splintering and a hollow tap.

"Effendi, four men are wounded, two badly," said the native officer, reporting.

I was silent; wood had to be got.

"Under Allah, you, too, had a narrow escape," my companion said, and pointed towards my foot, where I stood with glasses by the vessel's side. I looked down and saw, not the usual bullet scar, but a clean hole in the rust-thinning hull.

That was the finish for Koompany's Steamer. Yet even her ultimate end of active life was picturesque. Game to the last, under full steam she later struck a floating log within sight of her moorings and was beached. When I last saw her, she was outwardly intact, and at low water in full view, asleep where for all these years she has slept, on her sloping sandbank.

As I looked at her—my last glimpse—and thought of that morning and of her life and nationality, my mind went back to daily ceremonies of my life in the B.S.A.P., and I felt that her remains, now alas vanished, should be draped in the Union Jack.

It was the only fit shroud.



"I just slipped in to hold up the bank, and someone swiped my horse!"

The Stone of Destiny

The Scottish coronation stone,
When found by England's Edward I,
Was borne in triumph from their Scone;
In twelve-nine-six that deed was done.
The soldiers who, to serve their state,
Had humped that stone to England then
Must have blasphemed its solid weight
For they were ordinary men.
I doubt if they could see much good
In lifting such a load, and more
It was not even fit for food.
Their King's command had tried them sore.
But Edward I was highly pleased
To have that "Stone of Destiny";
A large-sized souvenir he'd seized
To mind him of his victory.
I do not know what means they used
To cart that stone from North to South,
But I am sure it was abused
By service-men by word of mouth.
At Westminster a resting place
Was found for it beneath the throne,
Whilst patriots of Scottish race
Bemoaned the loss of their great stone.
It took six hundred years and more
For Scots to find a working plan
To capture it; no minor war
But craft by woman, with a man.
They could not wear their national dress
For kilts in church would draw the gaze
Of curious Sassenachs; in the press
On Christmas Eve they came their ways.
They looked like ordinary folk
Such as you find in London Town
Where many Scots beneath the yoke
Of England earn the nimble crown.
But when the congregation left
The Abbey they were quite alone
To perpetrate their daring theft

And lift that heavy Scottish stone.
We know right well these Scots are strong;
Here was a thing to test their thews!
The memory of an ancient wrong
Inspired them to make headline news.
A little car was waiting near
To take the thieves and stolen stone,
A little car to disappear
On byways on the road to Scone.
The might of England mobilized
In road block and in police patrol
Is set between the stone so prized,
And Perthshire—distant Scottish goal.
I do not know what curious fates
Are destined for those hardy two;
They have their stone and Scotland waits:
The Empire's shaken through and through.
A trifling thing amuses me—
To think of modern transport's part
To speed the "Stone of Destiny,"
Returning to proud Scotland's heart.
How very different from the days
In twelve-nine-six, when such a weight
Was carted down the devious ways
To London with a load of hate.
The tough old "Hammer of the Scots"
Acquired his "Jacob's Pillow" in
An armed invasion; subtle plots
Recover it. Which is greater sin?
Whate'er the outcome of this ploy
The hand of time alone will show,
Some Scottish hearts are filled with joy
At striking of so shrewd a blow!

A. S. HICKMAN.

Salisbury,

27th December, 1950.

Murder?

By C. F.

DURING 1934 it was reported at the Police Camp, Inyanga, that a native had disappeared from his kraal, and one of the Native Constables stationed there was sent out to search for the missing man. For two days this Native Constable searched and when his efforts proved fruitless he duly returned and reported to his N.C.O. in charge. He had been able to obtain no information whatsoever, and he was again sent out and told to organise a proper search party. On his arrival at the kraal where the missing native had been living he did as instructed and the hills in the vicinity were combed.

Numerous natives were taking part, including a man named Thomas, and one, Dongonya, who was acting as head of the kraal at which the missing man lived, and various relations and friends of these two. There were approximately 150 natives employed in this party and they formed a line across each section of the country searched. On the second day of the search, Dongonya and various of the other natives composing the party took dogs with them and when nearing a certain kopje the dogs put up a duiker. A chase ensued and the native, Dongonya and his relation, Thomas, turned from the line of search for a few minutes and followed the dogs, which ultimately killed the duiker and it was taken by Dongonya. Dongonya and Thomas then followed the party and as they rejoined it the Native Constable in charge suddenly found, lying under a tree, the body of a native. This was identified by Dongonya and other members of the kraal as being that of the missing native.

The Police at Rusapi were asked to investigate the matter and Trooper Henderson left immediately to carry out the necessary enquiries. Arrangements were made for the Government Medical Officer to follow in due course. On arrival, Trooper Henderson carried out an examination of the scene of the death and ultimately rendered the following report:

"The body was lying on its back under a branch about seven feet from the ground and growing at right-angles to the trunk. The ground at this place was steeply sloping and there was long grass everywhere. "The body had a piece of

nxosa (bark rope) tied round the neck and the other end was frayed as if it had broken. The legs were stretched out straight. The neck was approximately under the branch, and the legs were lying downhill. About six feet along the branch mentioned was a piece of nxosa, the one end of which had obviously broken from the end round the deceased's neck, the other end was tied round the tree. There were no kraals in the vicinity, and the place was concealed from view by bush and trees. There was a path running across the kopje and about a quarter of a mile from where the body was found. There were several trees in the vicinity from which the bark utilised had obviously been stripped. There were no signs of violence in the vicinity. The nearest kraal was that of a man named Donkey, which is situated about half a mile away on the other side of a small valley, facing the scene of the death of this native. The deceased had been dead for some considerable time, and was in a state of decay."

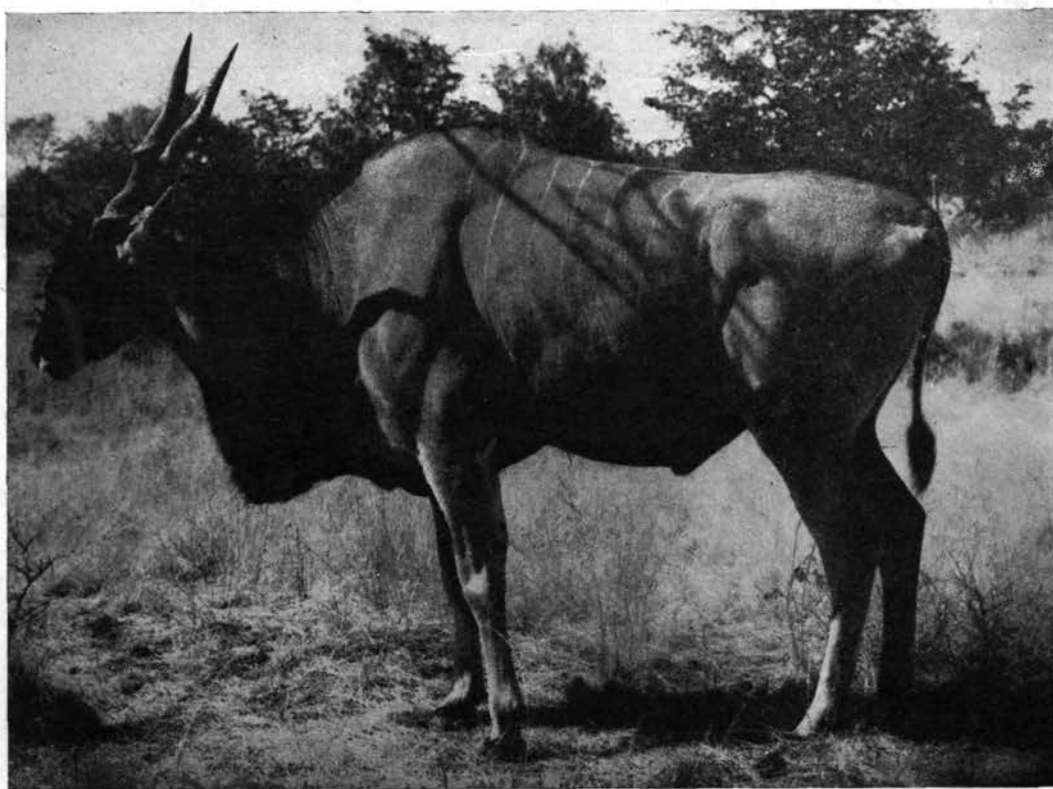
From Trooper Henderson's report it was obvious that he was not very satisfied with the case and was inclined to think that it could possibly have been a murder staged to appear as a suicide.

The Government Medical Officer in his report stated that on examination he had found no injuries but there was one thing which was not understandable, "the genital organs had either been removed or had been eaten by rodents." It was noticeable from this report that there had been no attack on other portions of the body. Enquiries were immediately instigated and in due course the matter was handed over to the Criminal Investigation Department who continued with it.

The following is a summary of the result of investigations in 1937 when I was instructed to carry out certain enquiries.

The deceased had for some years lived about ten miles from the kraal of Dongonya and then had come to live at this kraal where he had relations. He was apparently an inoffensive individual and used to live a normal and harmless life, going to beer drinks and other festivities in the neighbourhood where from reports he was fairly popu-

Eland Bull



lar. He had started a vegetable garden near the kraal of Dongonya and used to spend quite a considerable portion of each day working in it, periodically leaving the kraal and going round selling vegetables. He would frequently be away for several days when doing this. In this way he made enough money to pay his tax and buy a few necessities. His sister, who also lived at Dongonya's kraal, used to cook for him and apparently was fond of him. During 1934 he did not do so well with his garden and when he became liable to pay tax had not enough saved to meet his liability. He was approached several times by his brother and apparently there was a certain amount of friction between these two.

At about this time Native Thomas arrived home from Salisbury on short leave and one evening went to his hut where he found the deceased cohabitating with his wife, a woman named Mary. After assaulting the deceased he immediately took him before the headman, Dongonya, and after some discussion it was decided that compensation would have to be paid to Thomas. Now, the deceased had nothing and to save any

further trouble Dongonya arranged to give Thomas the necessary compensation on behalf of the deceased, who was related to him by marriage. This compensation was duly handed over and the native Thomas returned to Salisbury, where after some months he left his employment, returning to the kraal. Apparently there had been no further adultery and the two natives, Thomas and the deceased, were on amicable terms.

About the time of the disappearance of the deceased there was to be a beer drink at one of the neighbouring kraals and all the natives in the vicinity were invited, with the exception of the deceased, who had received a message, but had not been personally invited and thus would not go.

Dongonya and Thomas duly left the kraal with their women, and only a child was left with the deceased. After everybody had left the kraal of Dongonya, the deceased, accompanied by the child, went to his garden and there he worked for some time. He ultimately picked a lot of vegetables, told the child that he was going to

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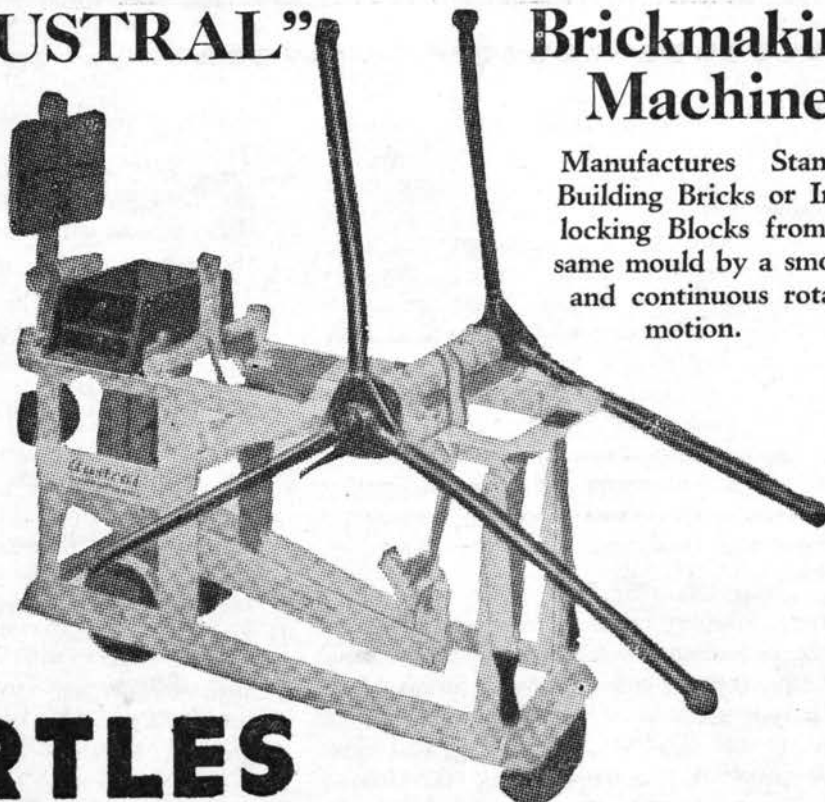
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THE OUTPOST, JANUARY, 1951

a certain kraal, about five miles away, in order to sell these.

In the evening Thomas and certain of his women returned to Dongyona's kraal and there spent the night. Thomas was, it was alleged, very drunk and could not walk properly. Dongyona spent the night at the beer drink and on the next morning Thomas returned there with some of his womenfolk. On this evening he returned to his kraal followed at some distance by an old woman of the kraal and on his arrival went straight to his hut and did not move till the next morning. He was very drunk. Dongyona also left the beer drink but alone and did not put in an appearance until late that night. He was also drunk.

During the beer drink, it was alleged, these two had been absent for about two hours together and nobody had been able to find them.

Native Donkey, was alleged to be a witch-doctor, but no evidence was obtainable to substantiate this, and no evidence was obtainable to prove that the other two were implicated in this murder, if murder it was, in any way. It was thought that what had probably happened was that Thomas on discovering his wife's infidelity had accepted the compensation and had then brooded over the matter, ultimately deciding to do away with the cause of this infidelity. He had then solicited the assistance of Dongyona and between them they had either followed or inveigled the deceased away from the kraal. They had killed him and hanged him, making the death appear to be self-inflicted, after which they had obtained the assistance of the witch-doctor, Donkey, who had removed the organs of the dead man and had made a portion of these into *muti* in order to keep away evil spirits. Another reason which made these two appear in suspicious light was the fact that when nearing the body they had both, being in line with the body as they approached, found a reason for leaving the search party just at the crucial moment.

At this time there was the motive, the opportunity, the absence from the beer drink which they had not accounted for, but there was no real evidence to warrant the men being charged and the docket was closed "Undetected."

When taking over this docket I went through it and then called in a Native Constable who had been detailed to assist me in the investigations, and together we discussed the whole evidence, after carefully going over the ground of the alleged happening. After due consideration we came to the conclusion that it was quite possible that the

murder, if the deceased had been killed, could quite easily have been committed by some other person, and on the face of things it appeared unlikely that Thomas and Dongyona had done this for the following reasons: The body was found approximately five miles from the kraal at which the beer drink had taken place. It was on the side of a steep hill and it would have been impossible for two men to carry the body any distance on such a surface; then there would have been no reason why the deceased should have gone with them into the veld unless there had been some perfectly good reason. There must have been a struggle unless some very violent method had been used in the killing and apparently, at least in the vicinity, there had been no such struggle, and from the Government Medical Officer's report there were no marks of any violence on the body of the deceased. The matter of the adultery had been settled some time before and, according to the natives in that vicinity, was closed. Dongyona had loaned cattle and goats to the deceased to pay compensation and it was in his interests to keep the man alive until the debt had been paid. These natives, according to the evidence, could not possibly have gone five miles, killed the man, and returned in two hours, which was the time that they had been absent from the beer drink, even if they had staged the suicide later.

The Native Constable and myself were both in agreement that it would be better to keep perfectly open minds on the matter and start the whole enquiry from the beginning. For two weeks we examined and re-examined witnesses without any results until I was beginning to feel that it was a rather hopeless task. The witch-doctor, Donkey, had died before I commenced enquiries and although I was able to prove conclusively that he had been a witch-doctor and had practised over that country for years, I was unable to prove that he had ever been on friendly terms with the two original suspects, and he had apparently never been called by them to officiate at all.

Ultimately, just as I was coming to a dead end in my enquiries, one of the members from a kraal some miles distant came to my tent one night and said that he wished to speak to me. I asked what he wanted and he told me that he would meet me in the veld the next day. He would divulge no further information, and I was at a loss to know what he wished to talk about. I arranged a rendezvous and the following afternoon took my rifle, ostensibly to try to shoot something for the pot. The native concerned had disappeared. When I arrived at our meeting place he was nowhere in sight and after waiting about a quarter of an hour I was deciding that he had

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led me on a wild goose chase and I should never have listened to him when he suddenly appeared. We sat down and talked for some time, then I approached the subject which had been occupying my mind for the previous two weeks.

He asked me why I had never interrogated a certain woman, the sister of the deceased, as to what she did when searching for the deceased before the disappearance was reported to the Police. At this time I was not even aware that she had searched. He went on to say that this woman could give me a lot of information and then told me to pretend that I knew she knew who had killed her brother, and that I knew she had obtained the information from a herd-boy employed by a local farmer. The native would tell me nothing more and in due course after trying to pump him, without any success, I returned to Camp.

I waited for about an hour and then called the woman concerned and asked her why she had been concealing things from me. Imagine my amazement when she replied that she had not been asked and therefore, being a woman, had not considered she had the right to talk. There had I been, for two weeks, questioning each and every person who could possibly know anything of the matter, including her and she had simply failed to appreciate the fact that I wanted to know everything I could learn. Having at last been put in contact with her, I told her to tell her story and ultimately by piecing it together with much patience this is what I finally adduced.

On the day that her brother disappeared from the kraal she thought that he had gone off to sell vegetables and did not worry about this absence. The next day he failed to return and she thought that he had probably gone further than he intended, but when he did not return the third day she began to worry and decided to try to follow his movements in an endeavour to locate him.

On leaving the kraal of Dongonya she went to the kraal where he had said he was going to sell his vegetables and was there told that he had never arrived. After thinking things over she decided that he would then go to the store run by a local farmer and there try to sell the vegetables. She proceeded to this store and as she was walking along the footpath, and when quite close to Donkey's kraal, she was accosted by this farmer's herd, a simple sort of individual. The herd asked her what she was looking for and she told him, to which he replied that she had better not look any further as she would never find her brother and he would never come back, but that

she had better ask Donkey, the witch-doctor, and his two sons.

After interrogating this herd for some time he told her that he had seen Donkey and his two sons killing her brother. He went on to say that he had seen them chasing this man and they had caught him at the grinding place, a level rock about three hundred yards from Donkey's kraal, and had there beaten him until he had run away with them following him. He showed her where they had chased him up a ravine after which he heard cries and then silence. He had then taken his cattle home. When asked why he had not gone to her brother's assistance he replied that he did not want to die as well. She asked him why these people had beaten her brother and his reply was that the deceased was the lover of the wife of the one son, Petrus.

After this herd had left her she went up to the ravine but could not find her brother, so had returned home where she had reported the matter to Dongonya. She considered that her duty then ceased and did nothing further in the matter. At long last the trail appeared to be getting warm and I immediately called up the woman in the case, the wife of Petrus. On being interrogated she admitted that she had been the mistress of the deceased and told me how this had come about. Her husband was a weakling and was continually being attacked by pains in the back and legs which made him a useless wreck. When he was well he would go to Salisbury or some other place and work, leaving her at the kraal. While he was away on one of these trips the deceased had met her on the road to the store and they had started talking, and he had suggested that she become his mistress and she had refused. After this he had approached her on several occasions and ultimately she had consented to meet him in the lands one day. They duly met and after that used to meet at odd intervals whenever he passed to and from the store with his vegetables. On two occasions she had taken him to her hut and they had spent the night together.

On the day in question all the people of the kraal had gone to the lands, including her husband and his brother, both of whom had but recently returned from Salisbury. She had stayed at the kraal intending to follow these people to the land with their food. As she was preparing to leave she saw the deceased coming to the kraal and went and spoke to him. He was ultimately invited into her hut, as all the people were working in the lands and there was no possibility of their being disturbed. While these two were in the hut they

heard the voices of the two brothers approaching and the woman immediately left the hut and went outside as just about to take the food to them in the lands. They approached and when they got very close the deceased must have lost his nerve; she suddenly heard him leave the hut and commence running in the direction of the grinding rock. As soon as the two men saw him they gave chase and she stood and watched from the kraal. When they reached the rock they caught their quarry and commenced to beat him until they knocked him down. The deceased staggered to his feet and again fled with the two brothers at his heels, all running in the direction of the hill on the opposite side of the valley. When they were out of sight she thought of her own predicament and before they returned fled to one of the grain huts behind which she hid herself.

Several hours later her husband returned and thinking that it would be better to face him alone she emerged and entered the kraal. Her husband never said anything to her and to the day I spoke to her he had never mentioned the occurrence. The brother did not return to the kraal until the evening, when he arrived with the other inmates from the lands. None of these people asked her where she had been and the subject was never mentioned. She decided that they did not know of the occurrence and so never mentioned it herself. Some days later the body of the deceased was found hanging from a tree on the opposite side of the valley from the kraal, but she had never been to the place and did not know where it was.

Having got this far I made enquiries as to the whereabouts of the herd who could throw so much light on the matter. He had died the previous year.

The two new suspects denied all knowledge of the crime and stated they had never seen the deceased leave their kraal and had never chased anybody. They alleged that the whole story was a tissue of lies.

Donkey was dead! and all there was for me to do was to check up the places pointed out by the witnesses, these two women, and return to Inyanga. The places where it was alleged the deceased had run to were pointed out by his sister, as was the route taken by him when he had been pursued by the two brothers. The other woman then pointed out the route taken by him and although these two alleged that they had never discussed the matter at all, the routes were identical. The ravine was about two hundred yards from the place where the accused had been found

lying dead. The witch-doctor was one of those alleged to have taken part in the chase, and these three people could quite easily have moved the body from the ravine to the tree under which it was ultimately found.

In fact the whole story apparently fitted in every detail, but who can say whether this is the truth, or whether there is some entirely different solution? Perhaps after all the deceased did in reality commit suicide.

Just one more case which apparently will never be brought to a successful conclusion.

BY THE WAY

Employer: "Haven't you found that circular letter yet?"

New typist: "No, sir. Nearly all the letters are oblong; one or two are square, but there is not a single round one on the file."



O.C. District: "Look at this letter from H.Q.—
beautifully typed."
District Clerk: "Yes sir, and the grammar is
perfect too."

The change I would like to see in our present uniform

The Police present Uniform is the Best Uniform ever worn by A/Policeman than the other Two Rhodesias N. Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

Uniform for Night Patrols Beats Etc.

Dark or Blue Uniform such as that worn by the Police Band for Night Patrols Beats and such other Duties that may need careful watchful eyes in the Dark Corners. Khaki would Not Do for this purpose Because You could be spotted by House Breakers Who may be hidden in the Dark places waiting for the Policeman on duty to move away So that he may remain doing Whatever He be intending doing. A change as far as Night Wear is concerned would be of great help.

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Police work is very strenuous work that requires more comfortable Wear Particularly Legs, Canvas Leggings would prevent members from suffering from Varicose Veins in the legs, which may be caused by Long Hours of Standing and Patrolling.

The present Issue of Putties is a very neat Wear. But from First Aid to the Injured guide book we learn that the Veins of the Legs are specially apt to become Varicose from several causes, such as longer strenuous standing or tight Garters.

The first affect is to throw extra work upon the Valves and bead-like projections are caused by blood accumulating in the pockets behind the Valves. The Veins may become so dilated that the Valves can no longer span its work, Thus allowing the backwards flow of blood.

Change of Issue to the Legs would be of great value.

Rain Coats

It is essential to see a change of Issue to the present Issue of Rain Waterproof are Not suitable angent resist arrest can occur at anytime and strungling that may immediately follow

It is obviously that with the present Issue to pull Our Your Hands to undo the fasten buttons would cause a serious consequences. Cases of such nature are being experienced in Town Where

members in Rainy time cycling fail to Give a Signal indicating that He is Turning that Way or the Other to on coming traffic. Therefore the present Issue of Rain Waterproof ar Not suitable for such duties.

Head Wear

The Headwear puts the smart Uniform Out I would suggest Caps like those worn by the Prison Staff at present As far as the present Helment Its oblong shape does not look neat dress.

Fancy if it be worn by a very big man It appears as if the Policeman is carrying an awful Headwear with protuding checks small shed, I would suggest a change to Headwear.

Extract from Standing Order of the 8th (King's Royal Irish) Hussars prepared in 1906.

SECTION IX. MARRIAGE.

1. It cannot be too often repeated to the men that they are on no account to marry without leave, and their marrying at all must be discouraged as much as possible.

2. It is impossible to point out in too strong terms the inconvenience that arises and the evils which follow a regiment encumbered with women. Officers, therefore, cannot do too much to deter their men from marrying and there are few men, however hard they may think it at the moment, who will not, after a short period feel indebted to them for having done so.

3. The men's washing will assist to provide for women on strength, but beyond that number great distress must ensue, and it appears only necessary to point out to the men what poverty and misery some of their comrades, married without leave, experience, to prevent their subjecting themselves to similar hardships.

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Copy of a broadcast in "Hullo There!" by Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell. "Hullo There!" was a B.B.C. summer holiday programme specially composed and arranged for school-children at home for the holidays. Lord Baden-Powell served as a Trooper in the British South Africa Police from 17th May, 1934, to 10th June, 1937.

YES, I do indeed remember Rhodesia—Southern Rhodesia, that is, as distinct from Northern Rhodesia, which, administratively and in other ways, is an altogether different territory. Never shall I forget the vastness of Southern Rhodesia; its wide, rolling plains and bushland; the great cattle ranches and tobacco farms, with their energetic and hospitable owners and assistants; the scattered gold mines and the mountainous Eastern Districts. Who, too, could ever forget the awe-inspiring sight of the mighty Victoria Falls, over whose brink, more than a mile in length, the broad Zambesi River hurtles down a sheer drop of some three or four hundred feet? Memorable also, though in a different way, is the uncanny silence of the mysterious Zimbabwe Ruins, whose origin is still one of Africa's numerous unsolved riddles. And, of course, fitting into their rightful place in this African picture, we have the native peoples themselves; cheerful, simple and superstitious folk, with whose administration I was closely concerned, in one way and another, for several years.

Southern Rhodesia is a very young country, young, that is, when compared with other lands who have built up their civilisation during the course of several centuries. There are, indeed, a number of men and women still living who were amongst Rhodesia's first white settlers in 1890. It was in that year that the intrepid Cecil John Rhodes floated the British South Africa Company to open up the then virtually unknown territory to the north of the Union of South Africa. In consequence, the first Pioneer Column, encountering every imaginable difficulty, trekked northwards from South Africa and established Fort Salisbury, which is to-day the Colony's thriving capital.

The British South Africa Company pioneers brought with them their own police force, which at once began to make a name for itself in smartness and efficiency. That same force was the beginning of what is to-day the British South Africa Police, now administered by the Southern Rhodesia Government, and not to be confused with the South African Police of the Union of South Africa. It was as a recruit in the extensive Training Depot of the B.S.A. Police in Salisbury that I spent my first six months in Southern Rhodesia. We were, you may think, an odd sort of Police Force, for not only were we trained in law and

Police duties, P.T., first-aid and horsemanship, but much attention was also paid to cavalry drill, both mounted and on foot, and musketry played a prominent part. These and other subjects, not to mention the time-honoured "spit and polishing," constituted our six months' basic training. It was strenuous, but well worth it. We had talks from members of the C.I.D. and the Fire Brigade, and so on, so that by the end of our course we had a fair knowledge of a variety of subjects that were new to most of us. In the squad of recruits to which I belonged we had, curiously enough, a fellow whom I had met as a Scout at the International Jamboree at Arrowe Park, Birkenhead, five years previously. During my time in the British South Africa Police, too, I constantly met fellows who had been Boy Scouts at some time or other.

I can well remember a man-hunt in which a number of us, even though still Police recruits, took part. A brutal murder had been committed on the outskirts of Salisbury, and we had a wonderful time for several days riding in extended order across many miles of the grassy, boulder-strewn country round the capital. The culprit was eventually arrested, tried and hanged, though we never knew to what extent our own efforts had helped in his arrest. Some of us went down to Bulawayo for a few days on temporary duty in connection with a general election. This was our first real appearance in public, and we felt rather self-conscious in the light khaki uniform of the Mounted Police, doing duty on foot with members of the Town Branch of the Force.

In due course, we were posted to our representative Police District Headquarters, in different parts of the Colony, and I was lucky enough to land up at Umtali, an attractive little town in the heart of the mountainous Eastern Districts. The next step was the gaining of practical experience in Police work, and, because of the mountainous country round Umtali, all our work was done on horseback. We did, however, have a motor-cycle patrol, and one day the sergeant asked me if I could ride a motor-bike. At that time I had never handled one, but it did not take me long to learn, and in due course I was posted to a completely mechanised station. By this time I was well versed in patrol duties, and my training as a Scout had

stood me in good stead on numerous occasions during those long journeys, when camping out in the open and fending for yourself were all in the day's work. I was, however, asking for trouble when, during the wet season, I carried out a long patrol in the low-lying, steamy country on the border of Portuguese East Africa: a bad attack of malaria resulted, and I was laid up for some time.

Soon afterwards I was a full-time Police motor cyclist, and most patrols were simply a hectic dash from place to place, and back again. Mechanised patrols of this sort did, however, have their hazards, particularly during the rainy season, which is from November to March. Once, when I was crossing a river at a shallow part which I had used several times previously, my motor-bike suddenly plunged up to its handlebars in a newly washed out pool. I was then in a remote spot, near the bottom end of the district, and some fifty miles from base. A nearby tobacco farmer ultimately came to my rescue and, to cut a long story short, the drowned machine, my African Police Constable and I next day rode triumphantly back the fifty miles on a lorry.

I had a couple of interesting, though all-too-short spells in charge of a delightful little one-man station, and a later patrol in the same district, when I went out for a week, entirely self-contained, by motor-cycle, is an episode I shall never forget. This was indeed a lesson in really lightweight camping, for I had to carry an African Police-boy and extra petrol in addition to my kit and food. This patrol took me to a remote Native Reserve, where many of the natives fled in terror, having never previously seen a motor-cycle. I bought eggs from the natives in exchange for salt, and was able to shoot a few guineafowl for the pot. This was in the dry season and was a most enjoyable patrol.

Later on, I was transferred to a Police Station right off the beaten track. It was sixty-five miles from the nearest railway station, and six thousand feet up, amongst wonderful mountain scenery. This district is, however, now becoming rather thickly populated as too many people have realised the beauty of its scenery and the richness of its soil. Here, I was back on horse patrolling again, and our farthest-away Europeans who had to be periodically visited were a small colony of miners seventy-five miles northwards. This meant a ride of three days each way, with one day at the small gold mines. One of these miners once told me that his native employees told him, the moment I set out from the Police Camp, that I was on my way to visit them. This certainly seems to show that

there is, perhaps, something in the so-called "Bush Telegraph," although this was the only instance of it which I actually experienced personally.

And so life went on, some patrols pleasant, others unpleasant; some exciting, some dull, ranging from intensive investigations of a murder case to escorting an escaped lunatic—and even to being called out at night to shoot a cow that had been run over by a lorry. Life was varied and generally interesting, and it certainly brings back happy memories when I start telling my two young sons about my days with the Police Force in Southern Rhodesia. Good luck to those grand chaps—and good luck to any of you listeners who may be thinking about trying your future in that lovely country—Southern Rhodesia.

TEAM SHOOT

SALISBURY

On the 6th January, 1951, the Salisbury Division of the Police Reserve held a shoot to which teams of four from the Regular Police and C.I.D. were invited. The result was a win Reserve by 21 points. The scores were as follows:—

B.S.A. Police Urban

Inspector Stuteley	120
2/Sergeant Jones	115
Constable Bosley	112
1/Sergeant du Plessis	107
	454

B.S.A. Police Reserve

P/R. Constable Simmonds	114
P/R. Constable Cartwright	114
P/R. 2/ Sergeant Coleman	105
P/R.2/Sergeant Bardwell, E. G.	100
	433

B.S.A. Police Depot

Inspector Giles	118
Lieutenant Parry	106
S/Inspector Woodgate	92
	418

B.S.A. Police C.I.D.

Detective Wakefield	114
D/Sergeant Light	107
D/Sgt. Coetzee	91
Detective van Eede	87
	399

The sweep run in conjunction with the match was won by Inspector Stuteley.

All taking part were the guests of the Officers of the Police Reserve, Salisbury, after the shoot.

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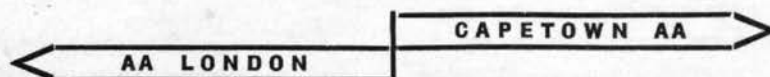
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A Famous Frenchman Looks at Southern Africa

ANDRE SIEGFRIED, sociologist, traveller, and world-famed writer of "The Mediterranean," "Canada," and that remarkable work, "Suez and Panama," latterly went for a tour in Africa, and notably in the Belgian Congo, Rhodesia and the Union. The result is *African Journey* (Cape).

Insight, a profound understanding of history and a Gallic precision of style make of significance all that M. Siegfried writes. It is so with this book, which is one that everyone interested in its subject should make a point of reading. If from perusal of his other travel works one did not know the author, one might experience a feeling of surprise that, in relation to Southern Africa especially, a foreigner should exhibit such a grasp of the physical and social side of his subject. As it is, added value is given to the book by the fact of its furnishing us with a new and detached angle.

Detached, yes. For those whose minds are closed to new impressions and conclusions, and can with comfort read only what is adulatory, will not find this a book for them. In so saying, I am far from any inference that this reviewer agrees with the criticisms of the eminent author. What I do mean is that, agree or not, it is of the essence of mental health and balance that all of us should see criticism as more wholesome than flattery.

It must be conceded that (as one would expect) M. Siegfried is everywhere factually accurate; and striking it is that such accuracy is to be found in a book compiled from day to day as he moved about. To this accuracy he adds the skill of an artist in conveying a sense of atmosphere, see his interpretation of the contrast between, for example, the Cape and Johannesburg. Read his impression of Johannesburg; note his chapter called "At the Tomb of Cecil Rhodes," and the manner in which he conveys a picture of Rhodesia and much more. Such writing is rare these days.

It is on the eternal colour question that M. Siegfried is most challenging, and where he will find most critics; and, after comment with many facets throughout the book, assuredly most challenging in connection with his last chapter; which, however, we regard it, is nevertheless calculated to make us think. A controversial, a live, often provoking book; but to attempt to pooh-pooh or to ignore it would be no service to any intelligent

reader. Whatever else be said of it, "African Journey" cannot be ignored.

One of the biggest hits of the publishing year is Boswell's *London Journal* (Heinemann), which should be at year end by the time these lines appear. Nothing that Boswell ever wrote could fail to be in the highest degree entertaining. This book is richly so. In it Boswell gives us the record of his first year as a young man in London, after leaving his native Scotland. It is a bland, utterly candid personal record of his doings and reflections. It is so completely candid and free of reflections, that for generation after generation his descendants kept the MS. hidden from the world, until by an amazing bit of luck an American man of letters got on its track.

Here, Boswell records events and emotions which in most of us are carefully hidden from the

✦ ————— ✦
By
John Colophon
✦ ————— ✦

world. That, in fact, is the reason why Boswell, the biographical genius, achieved what he did in the "Life of Johnson" and the "Tour" (as the unexpurgated edition of the latter is there to prove); and why, for so long we got, from the hands of the censoriously self-righteous and the influential, such as Macaulay (for all his shadeless brilliance of style) the self-contradictory fiction that Boswell was a half-wit debauchee who achieved what he did by an unconscious fluke.

Climbs in the Canadian Rockies (Hodder and Stoughton) is the last book of that famed man of mountains, Frank S. Smythe. Here, in his unique manner, he tells us of two summers and a winter spent amid the vast Canadian heights. The illustrations are superb, and the production first-class.

In fiction, for entertainment I star *The Second Seal*, by Dennis Wheatley (Hutchinson). Mr. Wheatley, whose inventive resource and dramatic touch as sure as ever brings back that favourite of his heroes, the Duc de Richdau, and recounts a

studied moderation of language which is inherent in the mentality of this world figure and hater of Fascism, the story is highly dramatic and of a quite peculiar and intense interest and the publishers must be congratulated in putting forth what is an invaluable sidelight on modern European history.

Most frequent (even now to the point of triteness) of laments is that the world owes much of its present evil state to the fact that man's scientific achievements have outrun his powers of beneficially using them. Since there is such a lot in that, I make no apology for stressing here the value of such a book as *Testament of Social Science* by Professor Barbara Wootton (Allen & Unwin), in which, whatever your political outlook you cannot but be interested—yes, and entertained—by the clarity and informed shrewdness of the author's plea for a narrowing of the gap, in the most practical manner, between the progress of natural and social science. This book almost deserves the description of masterpiece in its exercise of unbiased and undogmatic thinking. The section, "Scientific Method in the Social Sciences" is as brilliant as it is easy to understand; and that level is maintained throughout. What a way with mental cobwebs has Professor Wootton!

The career of Mr. Hector Bolitho (who was, incidentally, an editor in South Africa for some time) lends particular interest to *A Biographer's Notebook* (Longmans). As my readers will know, he is a New Zealander who settled in England, and made his name as a biographer, and his first great success with "The Reign of Queen Victoria" and "Albert the Good"; but before long gave proof that it was not just subject but skill and style which made for his success, as witness that first-class thing and, as it happens, favourite of mine, the life of the remarkable James Mackay, who rose from a clerk's stool to become a truly great figure in the shipping world, and head of the P. and O. (which he entirely reformed and brought up to date), and the equally famous British India S.N. Co.; becoming in course of time baronet and later the redoubtable Earl of Inchcape—with Alfred Holt of an earlier generation the greatest shipowner of his day.

In this new book, Mr. Bolitho lets the reader into the byways, so to speak, of his work, and, among other interesting things, tells us much that is new of the early life of Hussein of Arabia, of King Abdullah of Transjordan, most notable of Hussein's three sons; of the Egyptian tour of Edward VII while Prince of Wales in the 'sixties. But the most interesting section of a beautifully

written book is that part in which the author tells of, and quotes from, a series of astonishing letters written by Queen Marie of Roumania to a young American.

I cannot but take this opportunity to suggest that readers note two books either or both of which will make a perfect gift, especially to those contemplating an early leave in Europe and Britain.

The first is the latest book in the magnificent series called "The People's France," and is *Paris* edited by Alan Houghton Brodrick (Hodder & Stoughton). To describe this book as a guide to Paris would tell less than half the story. In shape of the handiest, it is a volume of just on 500 pages, with nearly 200 pictures and, divided into the 20 *arrondissements*, or municipal areas, that constitute the great City, it tells you, with a wealth of detail, no wasted words and in most readable style, everything about Paris you can possibly want to know. In a word, it is an illustrated encyclopedia of Paris, and fascinating from cover to cover.

My second book is *London: Historic Buildings* (Batsford), a companion volume to the "London: Work and Play," which I recently noticed in these columns, the introduction being again by Mr. Harry Batsford. The book contains nearly 100 photographic illustrations, all of the standard which we have long learned to expect from this firm. It is the best pictorial book of London I have seen, and alike for those who may be coming on leave or for those who love reminders of London from afar, an ideal companion.

In the new fiction, *The Gothic House*, by Jean Ross (Hutchinson), takes a very prominent place. Many readers will recall among Miss Ross's growing list of novels, the outstanding quality of "Janie" and "West Wind Rising." In this new novel, which she calls "A middle class chronicle," the author covers a period of 80 years, the inanimate pivot of the book being the London House bought by the rich Scottish manufacturer, James Corrie; the heroine is the orphan cousin, her life adventures, hazards and development under a disaster of the heart, until, after long absence in Scotland, she goes back to the house a widow. In days when the chronicle story, pseudo-revived after its first great blooming under Bennett and Galsworthy 40 years ago, tends to be much overdone, this book is an authentic achievement, and that in the main because its characters are not mere types and symbols, but live and move the reader.

breathless six months of adventure when he was a secret agent just before the opening of the First World War. Two generations of readers will find hours of pleasure in this novel; those of the First and of the Second World Wars.

Note, too, *The Rise of Francoise Scarron*, by Cicely Ashton-Jinks (Hammond, Hammond). The author, whose "Heart Like Mine" put her on the map, here gives us an historical novel on the strange life story of Madame de Maintenon, the plain woman of obscure origin who by her personality both captured and held the heart of Louis the Fourteenth. The glittering and corrupt atmosphere of the France of the "Sun King" is wonderfully done, and the drama intensified by the dark theme of that strange creation Catharine Voison.

The Shorn Lamb, by Clifford Allen (Ward, Lock) is an outstanding novel, its subject a woman who, denied love until well on in maturity, then finds it with dramatic results. Mr. Allen writes with a very marked cleverness.

Fashioned for Murder, by George Harmon Cox (Hammond, Hammond) is a thriller with novel motive and action hinging on to the odd adventure of an artist's model and the costume jewellery she took by chance from an old family trunk. Tension from first to last.

RISKED LIVE BURIAL IN RECORD DASH FOR FREEDOM

You recall that wonderful book about the Trojan Horse, the P.O.W. camp vaulting machine which concealed escape-tunnel operations under the very nose of Nazi sentries?

Three men were the principals in it—R.A.F. officers—and in *Stolen Journey*, by Oliver Philpot (Hodder & Stoughton), the third man tells the story of his escape; one which, incidentally, was the quickest ever made by a prisoner of war during the last war.

Oliver Philpot, sent out on an air operation early in the war, came down in the North Sea. He and his fellows from the aircraft were rescued by the Germans, and made prisoners, in which forlorn capacity they were first sent to one camp in Germany and then to the well-known Stalag Luft III, between Dresden and Breslau.

There Philpot was invited by Condor and Williams of the Wooden Horse escape scheme to join them and thus become one of the trio.

The author describes how the horse scheme was thought out; the snail-like progress of the



Aerial view of Inyati Camp

Photo: James Watts.

tunnelling, the distance from the vaulting horse under the wire confines of the camp, and upwards to surface on the far side; and, above all, his sensations when, completely sealed at last in the tiny tunnel, and under risk of being buried alive, he crawled along the tunnel and to the surface beyond the barbed wire. With faked passports as a Norwegian business man, he jumped an express to Danzig, and thence, after breathless hazard, escaped screwed down in a bilge tank of a Swedish steamer, and joined in Stockholm by his companions, took off and landed at the very same Scottish drome from which, more than two years before he had set out in a night sortie; and after an escape made in record time.

A bald recital of contents? Yes. Because summary cannot do justice to such a book as this. It is vivid, terse, written without the least striving after effects, and grips you from end to end. Talk of thrillers: there is matter here for a dozen and to spare, and all just fact.

Croce, The King and the Allies (Allen & Unwin) is a very special kind of book and of authentic interest. It is the story, told by the famous Italian philosopher, Benedetto Croce, in extracts from his diary, of the inner history of Italian politics (with the fate of the King as the main question) from the resignation of Mussolini after the Allied landings in the war until the final Allied advance northwards. Though told in that

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The Other Father, by Laura Z. Hobson (Cassell), another of that striking best seller, "Gentleman's Agreement," though of totally different handling and approach is, too, a narrative of conflict between the generations; but sharpened through the fact that the hero, middle-aged, has a love affair with a mere girl; which is brought to crisis by his discovery of a parallel predicament involving his daughter. So much, in situation, might be viewed as contrived, manufactured; it is the manner in which the author works out the situation that gives this novel very strong attraction.

In "Cordelia" Winston Graham scored, to the satisfaction of one reviewer at least, a well-merited success after ascending promise. In *Jeremy Poldark* (Ward Lock) he continues the story of "Ross Poldark" and "Demelza" of the old-time Cornish family which he has made so charmingly familiar to us. The time of this book is a couple of years at the end of the 18th century. Mr. Graham gives us no cut-and-dried historical novel puppetry, but human beings caught in the toils of drama and with background done with a fidelity which is of itself a feat in one who is not a native of Cornwall.

At first sight, with its background a girls' boarding school, *The End of Harvest*, by Philippa Stone (Hodder & Stoughton) may seem an odd sort of recommendation to you from the writer of this monthly books feature and would-be guide. But though background matters, treatment counts above all. Else why the status (merely as illustration) of the Brontës, Jane Austen, and many more? Philippa Stone is a name new to me; but (despite a somewhat severe test of one's powers of belief towards the end of this novel), the characterisation, the dialogue, the atmosphere and the telling as a whole are so high-class, and continuously entertaining, that I heartily recommend it; and, for my part, without fear add that if this author has the needful inventive powers, she has most things else, and has certainly come to stay. A first-class piece of novel writing, and I expect it will have a substantial sale.

In *The Cuckoo* (Hutchinson), Margaret Morrison, that old and practised hand, gives us a story of adoption, with complications, and the manner in which the reactions between the foster-mother and the surprising child are handled makes lively and engaging reading.

The Freebooters (Ward Lock), by Nigel Tranter, is this author's best novel, not merely because of its treatment, but because his subject, that of the handful of Glasgow slum boys and their adventures and methods of self-expression, is a large one, has a particular interest in the social

pattern of to-day; and, above all, peculiarly suits this author's bent and sense of drama and action. You will enjoy it.

On account of its background, *Murder a la Mozambique*, by Alastair Scobie (Cassell), author of "Kangaroo Shoots Man," leads this month's thrillers and whodunnits for this feature. It is a quick-action, complex, non-stop and tough thing, with the atmosphere authentic, and the guarantee that once taken up it will not be put down until the last page. In *R in the Month* (Hutchinson) Nancy Spain, that writer who has triumphantly devised a new and alluring form of treatment for the detective story, gives us a murder at a seaside resort in England; many smiles and thrills; and a riddle you assuredly will not solve until the end. *The Shuttered House*, by Kay Roche (Hurst & Blackett): A clever blend of thriller and romance in which we are led from London through Spain and on to North Africa; a lot of sound character work as well as thrills. *Lay That Pistol Down*, by Richard Powell (Hodder & Stoughton): Arab and Andy Blake in their fifth adventure-thriller; this time due to nothing more (on the surface) than an incident and a remark at an auction of antiques. Mr. Powell keeps it up—to our amusement and pleasure.

Among the new PAN-Books (2s, each) are a pair for special recommendation: *Dunkerley's*—Howard Spring's sequel to "Hard Facts," and a novel of Manchester and London, full of skilled characterisation, first-hand atmosphere, by one of the best-seller authors of the times; and (ideal gift book, or book just for your own entertainment) *Told In The Dark: A Book Of Uncanny Stories*, in which a wealth of famous authors are represented.

Finally, when you are looking for a book for young folk, make a special note of *This Way to Greenacres*, by Maribel Edwin (Longmans), where Michael and Jennifer live with the animal friends. It is a young people's book that is quite different; full of adventure, but authentic and wholly unsentimentalised.

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DEPOT

During the latter part of November and December, the Promotion Examination finalists came into Depot for the practical course. The first batch were 1/Sergeants to Sub-Inspector and it was against these senior N.C.O.'s that the first savage attack was launched. For five days they endured a non-stop barrage of physical exercise. Equitation with (horror of horrors!) crossed stirrups in the school on the first morning, vaulting lightly into and out of the saddle, bending exercises, and later, mounted rifle drill and troop drill; P.T. on the dewy grass of the sports ground in the half-light of dawn; baton drill, riot drill, unarmed defence, foot drill, tear gas drill. But the hearts of the Promotion Advisory Board were not entirely stony for two or three times during the week the weary band could be seen tottering into the lecture rooms. Anyway, they all came through, to the last man, and just before Christmas nine promotions to Sub-Inspector appeared in Force Orders. A nice Christmas box but well earned. As one of the candidates remarked, having seen after the first hour of the course what they were in for, they adopted the philosophy of the Chinese lady. (If you don't know this one, send a stamped addressed envelope to Ndaivepo, c/o *The Outpost*.) The 1/Sergeants were probably more kindly treated than the 2/Sergeants and, later, the Troopers and Constables, for they were at least spared the agony of mind of the latter of knowing what was forthcoming! Still, there were no refusals and a further and even larger crop of successes in the 2 to 1/Sergeant has been published. Congratulations to all, and solace to the unsuccessful. You can have another go in February (if you've recovered from the last) and whether you won or lost you have an excuse for getting drunk!

Station Notes

The "stand-by" squads returned from the Matopos before Christmas and I am sorry to say that some of the recruits openly expressed their disappointment at returning to normal recruit's course. We thought they liked it! Badinage apart, everybody seemed to have a good time and found their spell in Bulawayo district a welcome break from Depot. The beauty of the Matopos hills and the sight of a herd of sable antelope which the lorries disturbed has sounded the call of the "bundu" to many recruits and awakened nostalgia in some of the older hands whose duties tie them down in offices.

On the 6th November Matopo's Police Contingent played M.C.C. (Matopo's Cricket Club) in the grounds of Rep's School, and after a most enjoyable game which the visiting team managed to pull off, the school kindly offered the use of their swimming bath.

Christmas dinner in the Mess at mid-day on Christmas Day was a great success, with turkey and plum pudding and all the furnishings, and free beer. There were also several jolly gatherings in the Sergeants' Mess.

On 29th December the annual sundowner was held in the Sergeants' Mess and we were honoured by the presence of His Excellency the Governor. Old and young members of the Mess exchanged reminiscences and the evening passed pleasantly.

The holiday in the Salisbury area was uneventful from the Police point of view except for the usual crop of road accidents and "drunk in public place."

The following conversation took place in the Mess recently:—

Recruit: "This egg is hard-boiled. Don't you keep an egg-timer in the kitchen?"

Mess Sergeant: "Egg-timer? We boil 'em by the bugle here!"

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FORT VICTORIA

On 15th December, 1950, at the meeting of the local Regimental Association our P.N.C., Mr. Cripwell, suggested that in view of the recent demise of "Caruro" another verbose type be sought out. In the rush for the honour I observed a gap in the ranks and slid snake-wise between Troopers Avery and Rumney who were indulging in a spot of eye-gouging. Before anyone realised it I had seconded myself and the job was mine. During the ensuing few minutes whilst eyes were being replaced and ears handed back to rightful owners there came the first interruption. Two local ladies had got themselves tangled with a local river in spate. Tony Andrew and George Atkinson collected that and beetled off in search of truck, rope and ladies. The meeting having closed, Basil Kelly, who was about to tangle with something far more serious than a local river in spate, stepped into the centre of the floor and commenced twisting our arms. He won and we started drinking his health for the last time as a bachelor.

It was at this stage that the second interruption occurred. A dripping apparition at the door. It was regarded through the bottoms of upturned glasses in silence and with some interest. Finding it difficult to concentrate on both drinking and regarding, most of us did the sensible thing and took it one at a time. But the time we came round to regarding—the D.A. had given tongue and identification was a piece of cake. He had let his hair down and his shirt was out but few of us doubted that here were the mortal remains of Tony Andrew, by the Grace of God 1st Sergeant and Member in Charge Section. His explanation that the girls and Sergeant Atkinson were now in the river brought out the best in us. Armed with ladders, poles, rope and pieces of chewing gum, a fresh detachment sallied forth. Constable Sudlow has now given up bass fishing, he finds no pleasure in a fighting bass, having savoured bigger and better game. On the end of 20 feet of line he played me to a standstill. At this stage Constable (Imperturbable) Berry shifted his pipe to the other side, raised his eyebrows and wandered in. His return with the second woman ended the operation.

On the following day, having changed our shirts and removed driftwood from the hair we stood of serious mien whilst Basil Kelly and his wife Jean struggled to get the ring on. All our well-meant advice was conveniently washed off the car just outside Town in a storm. It is to be hoped Basil memorised it before this all-timed downpour. The Kellys are now installed at Zaka with all our good wishes for their future.

Having thus started the Christmas period we continued with the Mess Dinner on the 24th. This went down big, particularly with Constable (Starvation) Rumney, who delicately masticated a turkey drumstick whilst toying casually with the rear end of the sucking pig. Having eliminated the latter he had some difficulty with his third helping of pudding but we were relieved to find that it was not one of his fillings come adrift but a "horn of plenty" charm which Trooper (Pelmanism) Murgatroyd had remembered to insert. We all thought this rather a good show since it was only a week before that he had had some difficulty with a train.

Congratulations and thanks to those members of the Mess and their helpers who made the show possible.

There followed the paper chase on Boxing morning with a good turn-out of pack and an excellent run provided by Sergeant Andrew and Trooper Avery as the hares. The weather was warmish—around 102deg.—by the time we finished and the breakfast of chicken, beer, mince pies and what have you on the Skipper's lawn went down well. There were no serious accidents and all agreed this was another first-class effort.

I will not endeavour to describe the sundowner on the 28th. Sufficient to say that undoubtedly this was the best on record. Having spent the last eight years, off and on, here, I am fairly well versed in Victoria sundowners. The efforts of the the terrible two, Starvation and Imperturbable, in raising the "big top" were magnificent. Beneath those rough exteriors there lies a definite artistic tendency. Amongst those present were Jakata and Mrs. Williams, the Elveys and Ray Stockil fresh from his New Zealand trip. There is a whisper around Fort Victoria that Ray has some notion of winning the "Winterton" Cup this year. It is gathered he pins his hopes on his recently acquired thoroughbred, "Marauder," but those who know Sergeant Whitehead's mount realise that providing the rider can keep the horse awake and on four legs, he will not have it all his own way.

Talking of horses, Fort Victoria is, as always, very horse-conscious. More mounted patrolling is done in this district than elsewhere in the Colony duz, no doubt, to the fact that we have managed to hold back the march of time. The Gymkhana Club is well supported and the Polo-Crosse enthusiasts now play at 7 a.m. each Sunday to avoid the heat. Dr. H. M. Strover, who first introduced Polo-Crosse here last year, is now negotiating to form the first association in Africa. For those interested the game is played mounted similar to

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Polo but the stick or "crosse" is headed with a small net in which the ball is carried. The attractive part of the game is that only one pony is necessary to each player.

There have been several moves in the district during the past month with Sergeant Bailey from Zaka to Gutu replacing Sergeant Hunter who is on long leave fishing with S/Inspector Tommy Moore at the coast. Trooper Howard from leave now at Chibi, Sergeant Sowter to Bikita following his marriage and Sergeant Finch from leave to D.H.Q. If I have omitted any I apologise but I am beginning to find the going a bit sticky now. Undoubtedly I have left unsaid many of those things that should have been said but with practice I will improve. After all, my name is not "Caruro." I knew it, just as I decided to wrap up it all comes back to me. We have had a spate of promotion types recently. Congratulations to 2/Sergeant Kelly and Atkinson, Troopers Murgatroyd, Leamon, and Jarvis all of whom made the grade and provided us with prospective wettings.

3770.

C.I.D., BULAWAYO

Congratulations, Mr. Editor, to you and your staff on yet another interesting Christmas publication of our Regimental Magazine. We were pleased to read that quite a few of our District stations contributed towards the Station Notes feature in this particular issue.

The festive season passed over fairly quietly in Bulawayo and most Members of this Department stationed here were able to relax somewhat over the period. Major H. Jackson and Captain E. H. Bunce entertained Members to a few drinks over Christmas, and this was followed at the close of the Old Year by a great welcome to us by 1/Sergeant "Jock" MacGregor on behalf of the Police Mess, to a first-class party at the local camp. Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. Lombard (who spoke for the officers present) in proposing the toast stated, "... and in proposing this toast I should like you to remember absent friends... it is something this Corps has always remembered and which I hope it will never forget." The occasion proved to be a great success and we echo the words used by Lieutenant-Colonel Lombard in referring to our Mess Caterer, Sergeant MacGregor, who has done a great job of work. Well done! Before leaving this topic we cannot but fail to place on record the Service put in at the local Police Mess of "Joe," the head waiter, who celebrated his 34th Christmas in the employ of the Police Mess here in Bulawayo. He was

given pride of place at the top of the table when he was called into the gathering to render his favourite, "Auld Lang Syne."

Seen in Town during the break were Inspector A. W. (Charlie) Aust (No. 3231), now on leave pending discharge; Lieutenant J. Dickinson of the Police Reserve (ex Regimental No. 2837) and ex Regimental No. 3567, "Jock" Kynock of Bulawayo, who all looked us up because of Christmas.

Getting back to our own Department again we offer our congratulations to probationary Detectives Sayer and Branfield on recently qualifying for promotion in the District and Town Branch examinations from Trooper and Constable to 2/Sergeant. Congratulations, whilst on this note, to 1/Sergeant "Barry" Barrowman, of the Central Criminal Bureau, who seems to have made a name for himself in completing an *Outpost* crossword in three minutes... whether this was done in shorthand or not we do not know, but it is certainly "some going."

When these notes are in print, we shall have said farewell to 2/Sergeant "Jimmie" Dunbar and his wife and family who are on permanent transfer to Beit Bridge. "Jimmie" Dunbar was quite a popular figure whilst with us in Bulawayo, and we trust that he soon settles down to life in the low-veld. During the month S/1 W. Blythe was transferred from the active branch to Immigration duty.

News has just been received that the five detectives mentioned in our Christmas notes as having sat for promotion here, have all qualified, so we must cut these notes off for the present, and join in the celebrations in the Town Police canteen. Cheerio, and good reading.

CARURO.

FILABUSI

We congratulate Sub-Inspector Lomas on his promotion and are all awaiting the arrival of his little brass bars and kid gloves. Trooper Dave Drummond returned from long leave in England and U.S.A. recently and has only just got out of the habit of chewing gum and interrogating out of the side of his mouth. Trooper Tony Hubbard is spurred on to even greater efficiency by the knowledge that his long leave is on the horizon. Our ex-colleague at Filabusi, ex-Merchant Navy skipper Trooper Brooke-Smith, has heard the call of the sea once more and is at present at Victoria Falls on the

(Continued on Page 48)

Southern Rhodesia Bisley Team, 1950

There was additional interest for the B.S.A. Police in the 1950 Bisley as the Southern Rhodesia team included a member of the Force—Lieutenant Colonel J. Lombard.

The team embarked on the Edinburgh Castle on May 26th at Cape Town, and after a pleasant voyage arrived at Southampton on June 9th, where they were met by the Assistant Secretary of the National Rifle Association. The team then went direct to Bisley by special motor coach and were accommodated in the Australian lines which they found very comfortable. The team messed with the North London Rifle Club at their kind invitation. The team then dispersed until June 22nd and acted independently. Several members attended the Scottish Bisley meeting and won the "Darnley Plate" and did very well individually.

On June 22nd the whole team assembled at Bisley when organised testing of rifles and team practices commended. Two friendly shoots against the Eton Cadets and the N.L.R.C., Canada, and West Indies were arranged and proved very enjoyable.

Showery weather prevailed for most of the time spent at Bisley, varying between a fine drizzle and heavy downpours and, consequently, some of the results of the individual competitions were dependent on the luck of the draw for details. Undoubtedly the dull light and rapid changes of light gave our team considerable trouble and accounted for many bad elevation shots.

In the "Service" events we met with no outstanding success, although a number of small prizes were won. It is possible that one reason for our comparatively dull performance is that our men were still experimenting with the No. 4 rifle, whereas the personnel from the three Services, with whom we were competing, have been using this type of rifle for some years. Another reason is that the personnel mentioned above are mostly "Regulars" who have a tremendous amount of practice at service shooting. In the "Bisley" events members of the team figured in every prize list and on many occasions were placed in the first ten. This is an uncommonly good performance when it is considered that approximately 1,400 competitors had entered for these competitions and that most of them were first-class shots representative of Great Britain and the Empire. A feature of the Bisley events in general was the remarkably keen competition and consequent high scoring. To win

any one-range competition it was generally necessary to obtain a "possible" in the first instance and then to follow up by doing well in the tie shoots. One hundred and thirty scores of 137/150 in the 2nd stage of the "King's" had to shoot off for 117 places in the final, in spite of the fact that this stage was held in very bad weather with heavy showers of rain and very poor light. This is an example of the high standard of shooting which obtained throughout the meeting. Lieut.-Colonel Lombard obtained the highest score of the Southern Rhodesia team in this event, was placed 59th, and awarded the N.R.A. Badge, no small achievement against such a field! Some of his other successes were:—

11th in "The Qualifier" with 49—possible 50.

9th in the "Daily Telegraph" with 49—possible 50.

5th in the "Saturday" aggregate with 191—possible 200.

12th in the "Clementi Smith Memorial aggregate with 96—possible 100.

33rd in the "Wimbledon" Cup with 46—possible 50.


20th in "The Association Prizes" with 47—possible 50.

35th in the "All Comers' Aggregate" with 300.

It was a memorable trip for the team. On 24th June they were invited to an "At Home" at Rhodesia House and were entertained by Mrs. Goodenough and met Rhodesians whom many had not seen for years. On 30th June the teams visited the King's Royal Rifles at Winchester and were entertained to luncheon. On 9th July, with other overseas teams, they were entertained by the shots in the world! Congratulations!

It is now old news that the Southern Rhodesian team returned to their home country with the Belgian Challenge Trophy, the Ranelagh Challenge Cup (three bowls), the J. H. Stewart Challenge Cup and the Darnley Plate, a truly outstanding feat from so small a country as Southern Rhodesia in competition with some of the finest North London Rifle Club. The previous day they had seen the latest jet fighters in action at the R.A.F. display at Farnborough. On 13th July members of the team and their wives were invited to the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace, where they spent a most enjoyable afternoon. Before the team left they took the opportunity of entertaining at a sundowner party all those who had shown such hospitality during the visit.

SPORT



SALISBURY FRIENDLY CRICKET

Saturday, December 2nd, 1950. Officers' Mess v. Sergeants' Mess. Police Ground.

This match proved most enjoyable for both sides and was evenly contested. Major Frost, Major Rolfe and Lieut. van Niekerk were the most successful batsmen for the Officers' Mess. The Sergeants' Mess had a race against the clock to get the runs but managed to win with some minutes in hand.

Officers' Mess, 1st innings 154 (Major Frost 42, Major Rolfe 34, Lieutenant van Niekerk 32).

Sergeants' Mess, 1st innings 201 for eight (Maguire 63, Banister 61 retired).

Teams in order of batting:—

Officers' Mess: Lieutenant Steele, Lieutenant van Niekerk, Lieutenant Blowers, Major Rolfe, Captain Shewell, Major Frost, Lieutenant Barfoot, Lieutenant Stoker, Major Borland, Major Walker, Colonel Hickman, Lieutenant-Colonel Rowley.

Sergeants' Mess: James, Lowe, Maguire, Vowles, Buckley, Banister, Davenport, McLaghlán, Mitchell, Smith, Lardant, Bristow.

Saturday, December 2nd, 1950, Police Friendly v. Standard Bank. Police Ground.

Police Friendly, 1st innings 110 for seven declared (Osborne 43 not out, Rawson 43 not out).

Standard Bank, 1st innings 74 (Robertson three for 10, Savage three for eight).

Police team in order of batting: Shaughnessy, Osborne, Wheeler, Hider, Naested, Coop, Robertson, Rawson, Savage, Harris, Pickard.

Saturday, December 9th, 1950, Police Friendly v. Commercial. Police Ground.

Commercial, 1st innings 73 (Holmes three for 19).

Police Friendly, 1st innings 151 for five (Osborne 66 not out, Hider 43).

Police team in order of batting: Osborne, Hider, Taylor, Hubbard, Coop, Holms, Savage, Wheeler, Tait, Davenport, Pickard.

SALISBURY LEAGUE CRICKET

Sunday, December 10th, 1950. Police v. Forces I. Drill Hall Ground.

Police came up against a 1st League club in this game and did not fare at all well. Against good bowling our men were scratching, Howard Jones being the only one to stand up to the bowling and hit it. Bad light saved the Police from defeat and Forces from a deserved win.

Smithyman came off in this match as a bowler taking six for 44.

Forces, 1st innings 182 for seven declared (Cutter 51 not out, Smithyman six for 44).

Police, 1st innings, 39 for eight (Jones 26).

Match drawn.

Police team in order of batting: Shaughnessy, Reynolds, Smithyman, Maguir, Jones, Riddle, Banister, Lowe, Robertson, Rawson, Gilfillan.

Sunday, December 17th, 1950, Police v. Old Hararians II. Police Ground.

Heavy rain on Saturday night made the ground very sticky, but the game started at 10.30 a.m. A further heavy shower of rain at 11.30 a.m. made any further play impossible; the Police at this stage had scored 40 for three.

Sunday, December 31st, 1950. Police v. Salisbury "C". Police Ground.

In this match the Police suffered their first defeat of the season. Rain made the pitch tricky when we had to bat, but the fault lay in the batting, the majority of the players getting themselves

out by playing poor shots at balls which they could quite easily have left alone.

This match ends another round of the zoning system and the Police have managed to retain their position in Zone "B". A big effort must now be made in order that we may find ourselves still in this Zone at the end of the season.

Salisbury "C," 1st innings 190 (Gordon 38, Wilkins 38, Buchanan two for 4).

Police, 1st innings 111 (Shaughnessy 27, Dickinson five for 29).

THIRD TEAM

The demand for a game of cricket is so great in Salisbury at present that a third team has now been formed in order that all who wish may play.

The hard square has had to be utilised with a matting wicket.

Saturday, November 25th, 1950, Police III v. C.M.E.D. Police Ground.

C.M.E.D., 1st innings 155 for seven declared.
Police III, 1st innings 78.

Police team in order of batting: Geraghty (captain), Inglis, Holmes, Blair, Harris, Jannaway, Rogers, Townsend, Brown, Yoeman, Grantham.

Saturday, December 16th, 1950, Police III v. Standard Bank. Police Ground.

Standard Bank, 1st innings 112 (Geraghty four for 20).

Police III, 1st innings 19 for two.
Rain stopped play.

Saturday, December 29th, 1950, Police III v. Raylton. Police Ground.

Police II, 1st innings 126 (Jacques 55).
Raylton, 201 for five.

Police team in order of batting: Shaw, Jasper, Naested, Clapham, Geraghty, Jacques, Harris, Inglis, Rogers, Jannaway.

T.C.B.

"Over two hundred years ago many inn-keepers in Britain were suspected of being in league with the highwaymen who then infested our roads. This nefarious alliance between Dick Turpin and mine host led to the passage of a law

which made the innkeeper liable for the value of goods stolen from guests anywhere on his premises. This Act, it was ruled at Warwick Assizes recently, covers the theft of a car from an hotel car park and as a result a Nuneaton licensee was ordered to pay four hundred and seventy pounds and costs. The Brewers' Society have started a campaign to have the law repealed—pointing out that a small hotel-keeper could easily be ruined if the stolen car happened to cost a couple of thousand pounds. Meantime, I suppose, we may expect to see an amendment to that familiar notice posted outside many road houses. "No motor coaches served." I suppose it will now read "Motor-coaches? or Rolls Royces!"

Sam Pollock speaking in the B.B.C.'s "News from Home."

(Continued from Page 45)

mighty Zambesi. We have in his place Trooper "Larry" Newman, ex-Wankie, whose comment on arrival was, "It's nice to breathe 100 per cent. air instead of 95 per cent. coal dust!"

The recent heavy rains have turned our tennis courts into a lake, so that it is difficult to tell where the tennis court starts and the swimming bath ends. The pump of the bath being somewhat medieval in design, we find it easier to get a mud bath than a swim.

Our local bioscope, held twice weekly, is good fun and we never fail to get a laugh from the humorous antics of "The Keystone Cops" and we must say that Clara Bow definitely has "It" with the "New Look" and she is our favourite pin-up gal.

I will not bore you with all the interesting cases solved by the Filabusi sleuths in case you enquire whether I am writing Station Notes or the Monthly Section report.

It has been suggested by the local residents that Police Filabusi put on a song and dance act for the New Year's Day dance, so I must go and try on my ballet skirt and tap shoes. Cheerio!

TEX.